MERCUM 1922

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The
MERCIUM

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The
MERCIUM

1927

VOLUME 11

Published by
THE GRADUATING CLASS
of
MERCY SCHOOL OF NURSING
BAY CITY, MICHIGAN

Elizabeth McDowell Bialy

Mrs. Bialy

We to your loving memory,
Who e'er wert kind and true,
Our Mercium, do dedicate
In thoughtful love to you.

Bright gifts of happy service
You gave while you were here.
'Tis mete that we should cherish
This one to us so dear.

Your spirit lingers with us still
Inspiring gentle care,
Reminding us that noble souls
Are loved for e'er and e'er.

Foreword

THE PURPOSE OF THIS PUBLICATION IS TO SERVE WELL-LOVED TRADITIONS AND TO ENCOURAGE WHATEVER WILL ADD TO THE FULFILMENT OF A GREATER MERCY.

School of Nursing.

Contents

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Tribute

To Right Rev. Joseph G. Pinten, kind fatherly Shepherd of his flock, we express our loyalty and devotion. . . . . .

RIGHT REVEREND JOSEPH G. PINTEN

Memorial

"Into my heart's treasury
I slipped a coin

That time cannot take
Nor a thief purloin—

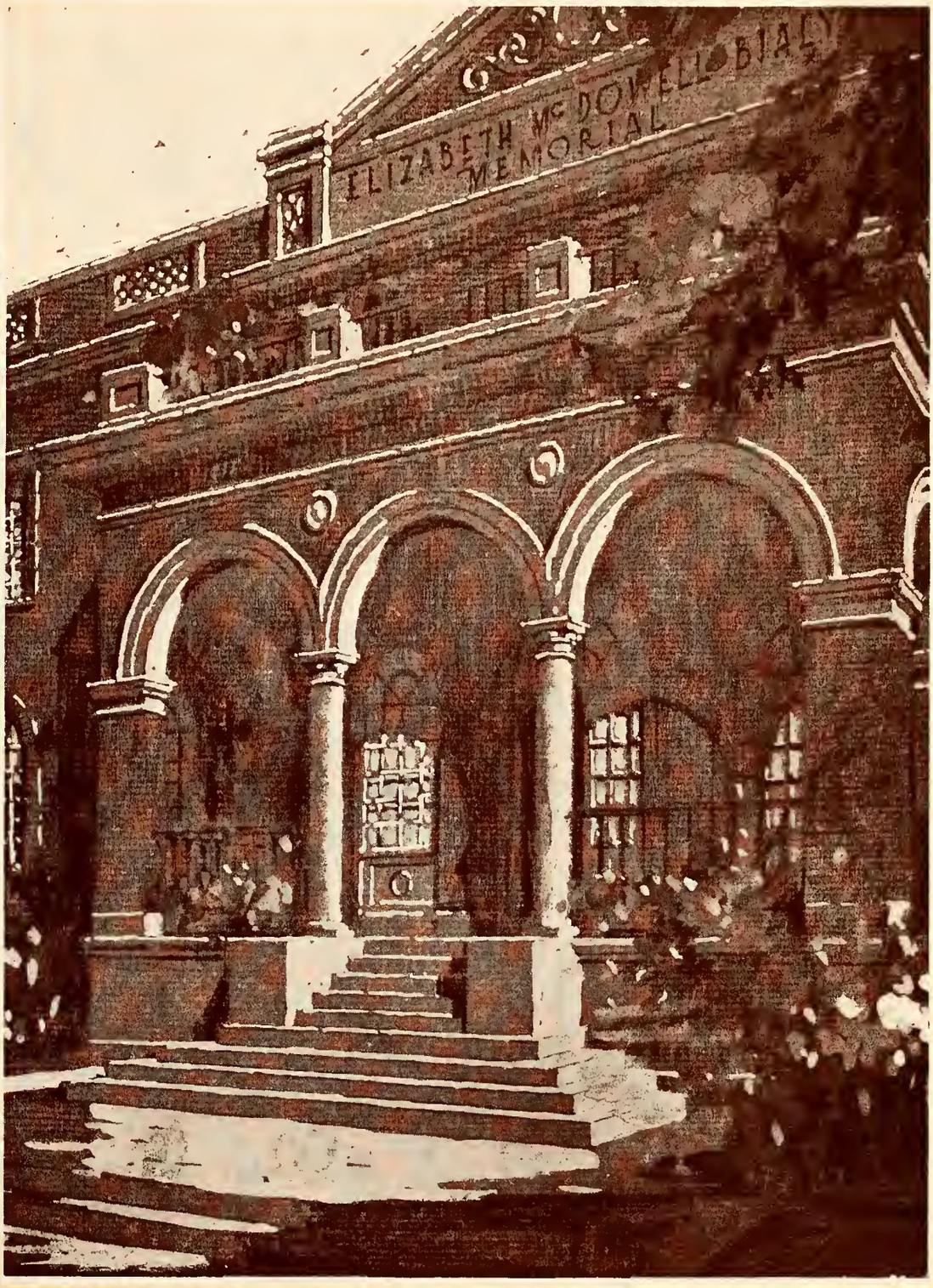
Oh, better than the minting
Of a gold-crowned King

Is the safe-kept memory
Of a lovely thing."

In erecting the Nurses' Home in memory of his beloved wife, Mr. Mendel John Bialy has given to the citizens of Bay City "The safe kept memory of a lovely thing."

Elizabeth McDowell Bialy, the youngest daughter of John and Ann McDowell, natives of the north of Ireland, was born in Chatham, Ontario, July 18, 1851. With her parents she came to Bay City in 1862, living on Water Street. Later she resided with her sister, Mrs. Mary Jane Chron, at Williams and Seventeenth Street, where on November 28, 1877, she was united in marriage with Mendel John Bialy. Her life was spent in Bay City, where she passed away December 8, 1924.

To commemorate in perpetuity the high ideals and generous forethought his wife ever evinced for others, Mr. Bialy has erected and dedicated this magnificent monument—home for other noble women who have consecrated their lives to the service of sick and suffering humanity.

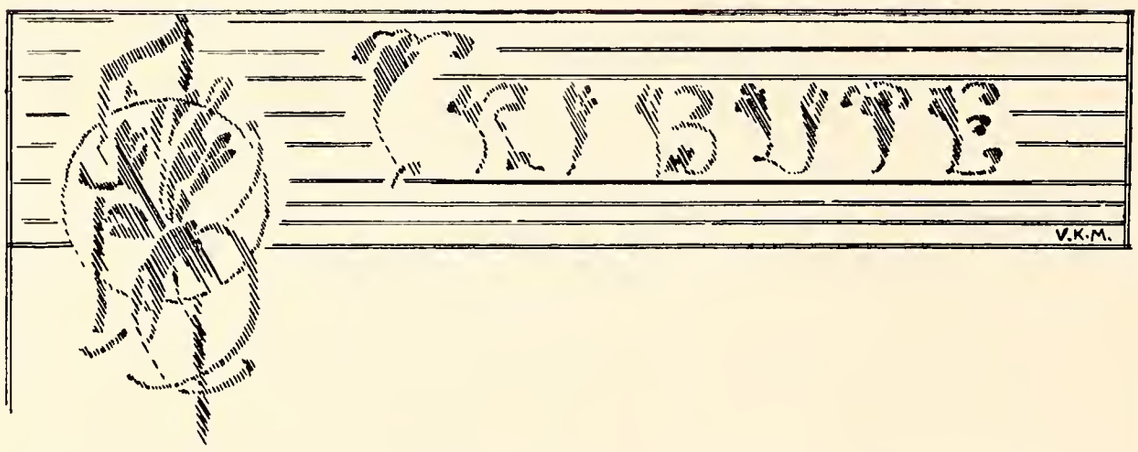


Bialy Memorial

The Sisters of Mercy

Deep in each heart—a place apart
We'll always keep for you.
For honest friends are hard to find,
But we've found these are true.
With kindly heart and willing hand
You've pointed out the way.
In the years we've followed you
We found that every day
What you have set your mind to do
You've done it with a will.
Unflinching perseverance
Is the secret of your skill.
And though within the Hall of Fame
Your names may not appear,
We're glad that you have guided us
Onward! Upward! Thru the years.

Mercy Hospital



WE, the Class of 1927, acknowledge our appreciation to Sister Mary Xavier, who during the past three years has helped solve our problems, commanded our deepest respect, and has given untiring efforts to make our days of training happy and worth while.

Mercium Staff

Co-Editors.....

Miss Margaret Germain, Miss Thaddeas Rivet, Miss Luanna Lietz

Business Manager.....Miss Loretta Gibbons, R. N.

Art.....V. K. Magsino, M. D., Miss Martha Osinski

Cartooning.....

Miss Josephine Rabie, Miss Alice Snyder, Miss Alice Schraeder, R. N.

Literary Editors.....

Miss Margaret Germain, Miss Eunice Beaufore, Miss Kathryn Maniex

Joke Editors.....

Miss Catherine Mazur, Mrs. Mary Jane Speir

Snap Shots.....

Miss Catherine Buckley, Miss Eunice Beaufore, Miss Marie Ridiker

Photographs.....

Miss Beatrice Whitney, Miss Josephine Rabie

Faculty Advisor.....Sister Mary Xavier, R. N.

Literary Critic.....Sister Mary Fides, O. M.

Many the acts of tender care—
Each one is a gentle prayer
Rising from flowers of Mercy and love,
Culled in the Master's garden above,
Yet lowly, and oh, so fair.

MERCIUM
ADMINISTRATION
V.K.M.

FACULTY

Sister Mary Baptist, R. N.....*Superintendent of Hospital*

Sister Mary Catherine

Sister Mary Francis

Sister Mary Blanche, R. N.....*Registrar*

Sister Mary Gerard, R. N.....*Record Clerk*

Sister Mary Gregory, R. N.....*Bookkeeper*

Sister Mary Clement, R. N...*Supervisor of Second Floor*

Sister Mary Anselm.....*Supervisor of Culinary Dept.*

Sister Mary Depazzi, R. N.....
Supervisor of Children's Dept.

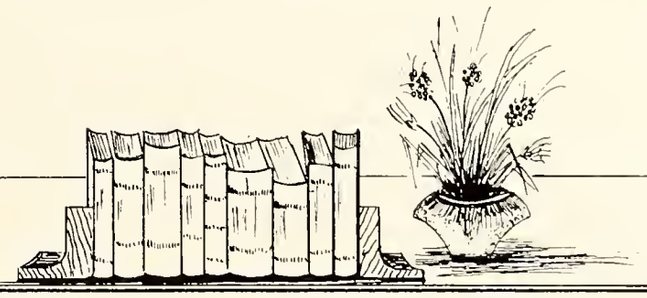
Sister Mary Hedwig.....*Night Supervisor*

Sister Mary Theodosia, R. N.....
Supervisor of Operating Rooms

Sister Mary Xavier, R. N.....*Supervisor of Nurses*

Miss Loretta A. Gibbons, R. N.....
Assistant Supervisor of Nurses

Miss Laura Senay, R. N.....*Supervisor of Obstetrical Dept.*



V.K.M.

Tribute to Sisters

To the Sisters of Mercy we render heartfelt gratitude for their loving care and generous devotion. Their high ideals and lofty inspirations have been a beacon light to guide our frail and wavering bark safe to the port of graduation.

Supervisors

MISS LORETTA ANN GIBBONS

The Class of 1927 unites in expressing gratitude to you, our friend and assistant instructor, for the many acts of kindness you have shown us during our three years training at Mercy Hospital.

To know her is to love her—a woman kind, thoughtful and true. She is our friend and is ever interested in our welfare.

MISS JOHANNA ZIMMER

MISS LAURA SENAY

Our assistant supervisor, we, the Class of 1927, wish to express our appreciation of the many favors and acts of kindness shown us, while training in your department.

The Nightingale Pledge

I solemnly pledge myself before God and in the presence of this assembly:

To pass my life in purity and to practice my profession faithfully.

I will abstain from whatever is deleterious and mischievous, and will not take or knowingly administer any harmful drug.

I will do all in my power to elevate the standard of my profession, and will hold in confidence all personal matters committed to my keeping, and all family affairs coming to my knowledge in the practice of my profession.

With loyalty will endeavor to aid the physician in his work, and devote myself to the welfare of those committed to my care.

Prayer For a Nurse

May the Physician Divine inspire
With a love that is tender and true,
To give to His suffering brothers
The best that you have in you.

May His strength Eternal e'er aid you,
His Charity be your aim,
His honor and glory forever,
Your only desired fame.

May you see in each patient the image
Of Him you will one day know,
As the hope and reward of your labors,
Whom you served with love here below.

"Take Them as You Find Them"

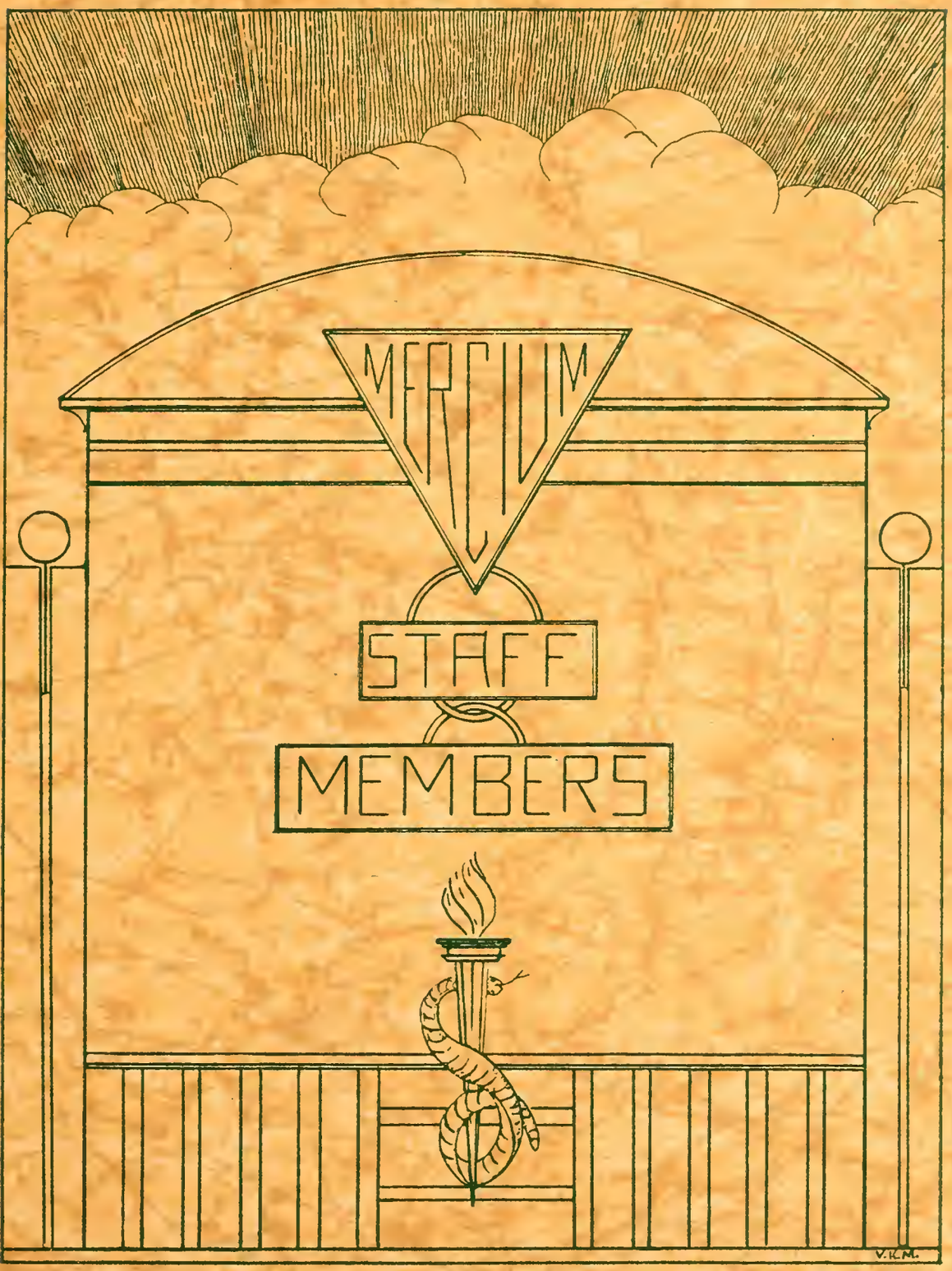
Don't disturb yourself about
  Fair or stormy weather;
Squalls must sometimes whistle round,
  When people live together.
Some will smile, and some will frown,
  You need never mind them;
Travel on as best you can,
  Take them as you find them.

You are peacefully inclined,
  And you sometimes wonder
Why the restless souls delight
  In exciting thunder,
Rushing hastily along,
  Clouds of dust behind them.
Never follow in their track—
  Take them as you find them.

Some are of a different stamp,
  Quiet, deep, and clever.
(Well! you know sincerity
  Is canonized forever.)
Nature first, and habit then,
  Crookedly inclined them.
Don't investigate them much—
  Take them as you find them.

Pass a little grievance by,
  Don't apear to heed it;
Be as helpful as you may,
  Kind to those who need it.
Never flatter, never try
  Skillfully to wind them
To your own peculiar view—
  Take them as you find them.

They may think you very wrong;
  You may think they wander:
Charity will whisper then,
  "Better not to ponder."
Actions wear a different look
  When motives are assigned them;
Keep your eyes upon yourself—
  Take them as you find them.


MERCIUM
STAFF
MEMBERS
V.K.M.

Appreciation to Staff

We, the Class of '27, express our sincere appreciation to the members of the Medical Staff for the assistance they have rendered in the development of our Profession.

R. H. LINGE

Laboratory Technician

E. J. PERSONS

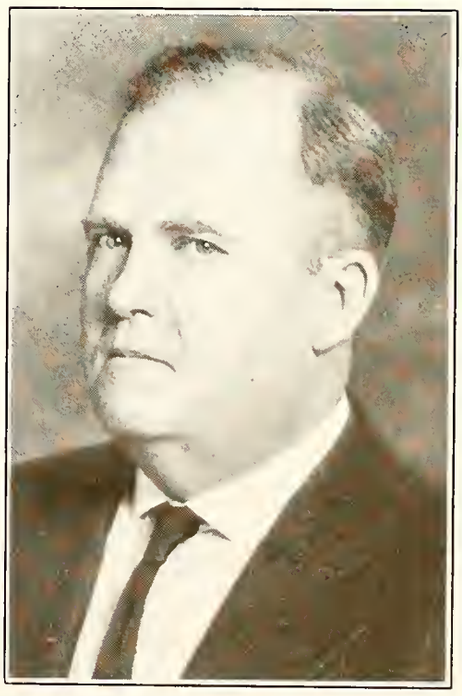
Interne

F. SADOWSKI

Interne

F. MOFFOTT

Radiologist



Executive Committee

President of Staff	Dr. R. C. Perkins	Davidson Bldg.
Secretary	Dr. J. H. McEwan	210 Ridotto Bldg.
Vice-President	Dr. L. F. Foster	328 Shearer Bldg.
Laboratory	Dr. C. L. Hess	308 Davison Bldg.
Director of Dental Department	Dr. F. L. Busch	316 Davison Bldg.
Director of Surgical Department	Dr. C. L. Hess	308 Davison Bldg.
Director of Medical Department	Dr. M. R. Slattery	820 N. Monroe St.
Director of Obstetrical Department	Dr. C. M. Swantek	240 Washington Ave.
Director of Pediatric Department	Dr. J. M. McLean	240 Davison Bldg.
Director of Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Department	Dr. R. N. Sherman	216 Ridotto Bldg.

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Dr. C. W. Ash	220 Shearer Bldg.
Dr. A. D. Allen	701 E. Midland St.
Dr. W. R. Ballard	5 Ridotto Bldg.
Dr. S. L. Ballard	211 Ridotto Bldg.
Dr. T. A. Baird	235 Washington Ave.
Dr. F. S. Baird	205 Davison Bldg.
Dr. G. M. Brown	207 N. Walnut St.
Dr. C. H. Baker	Crapo Bldg.
Dr. C. F. Crummer	Essexville, Mich.
Dr. R. H. Criswell	707 Washington Ave.
Dr. V. H. Dumond	Shearer Bldg.
Dr. F. Drummond	Kawkawlin, Mich.
Dr. J. C. Grosjean	Fay Blk.
Dr. A. W. Herrick	1712 Center Ave.
Dr. J. W. Gustin	1810 S. Wenona Ave.
Dr. E. S. Huckins	436 Cass Ave.
Dr. J. W. Hauxhurst	205 N. Walnut
Dr. J. A. Keho	211 N. Henry St.
Dr. W. M. Kerr	Ridotto Bldg.
Dr. H. P. Lawrence	204 Ridotto Bldg.
Dr. G. W. Moore	709 Fifth Ave.
Dr. M. C. Miller	Auburn, Mich.
Dr. G. M. McDowell	823 Garfield Ave.
Dr. R. E. Scrafford	305 Davison Bldg.
Dr. A. F. Stone	1713½ Center Ave.
Dr. C. A. Stewart	1106 N. Johnson St.
Dr. V. L. Tupper	1101 Grant St.
Dr. P. R. Urmston	303 Davison Bldg.
Dr. T. G. Wilson	900 Jackson St.
Dr. E. A. Wittwer	601 E. Midland St.
Dr. E. C. Warren	231 Shearer Blk.
Dr. D. T. Weston	Akron, Mich.
Dr. A. J. Zaremba	108 S. Madison St.

Dental Staff

Dr. C. F. Adams	710 E. Midland St.
Dr. N. J. Dobson	401 Shearer Blk.
Dr. A. W. Farley	315 Davison Bldg.
Dr. H. L. Pearsall	Cranage Bldg.
Dr. H. V. Sheldon	615 E. Midland St.

Seniors

She's a girl with many pleasing ways.
We wish her the best throughout all her days.

THADDEAS RIVET, *alias* "CHAD"
St. Mary's High School,
Bay City, Mich.
President 1926

A quiet Miss, yet cheerful too,
Maids like her are very few.

CATHERINE MAZUR, *alias* "MAZUR"
Standish High School,
Standish, Mich.
Vice-President 1926

She meets in a quiet way
The duties of each day.

LUANNA LIETZ, *alias* "Lou"
Grayling High School,
Grayling, Mich.
Vice-President 1927

A hearty laugh is well worth while.
If you can't do that, why then just smile.

EUNICE BEAUFORE, *alias* "Boots"
Alpena High School,
Alpena, Mich.
Secretary 1926

And still the wonder grew,
How one small head could carry all she knew.

KATHRYN MANIEX, *alias* "KAY"
St. Mary's High School,
Bay City, Mich.
Prefect of Sodality 1926

A good student is a credit to herself,
Her class and her school.

MARTHA OSINSKI, *alias* "WALT"
Auburn High School,
Auburn, Mich.

The harder the task we undertake,
The greater achievement we will make.

BEATRICE WHITNEY, *alias* "BEE"
St. Andrew's High School,
Saginaw, Mich.

Sterling qualities she possesses,
A heart of gold and soft brown tresses.

MARGARET GERMAIN, *alias* "GERMANY"
St. Mary's High School,
Bay City, Mich.
President 1927
Second Prefect of Sodality 1926

We find in life, so the story goes,
Just what we put in it, ask Joe—she knows.

JOSEPHINE RABIE, *alias* "Jo"
St. Peter and Paul High School,
Saginaw, Mich.

I chatter—chatter as I go,
All the things that I do know.

MARY JANE SPEIR, *alias* "JANIE"
St. John's High School,
Essexville, Mich.
Treasurer 1926-1927

She's jolly and gay
As she goes on her way.

CATHERINE BUCKLEY, *alias* "BUCKY"
St. Peter and Paul High School,
Saginaw, Mich.
Secretary 1927

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream.

MARIE RIDIKER, *alias* "MARIE"
St. James' High School,
Bay City, Mich.

A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the best of men.

ALICE SNYDER, *alias* "Toots"
St. Michael's High School,
Pinconning, Mich.

Class Poem

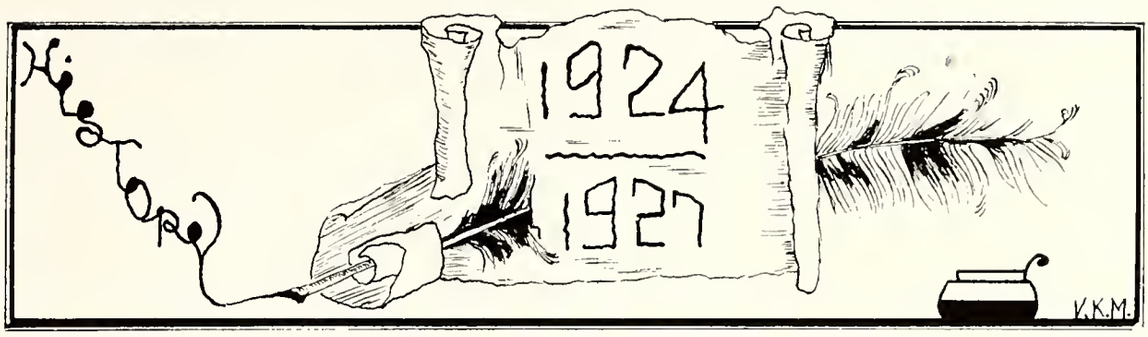
Fare thee well, dear Alma Mater,
For the parting hour is near,
And we leave your blessed portals
Fraught with hope and loving cheer.

Hours spent with you are cherished,
Lessons taught here kind and true,
Shall in later years re-echo
Memory's grateful thought of you.

May we by our faithful service
Prove our love, our trust, for e'er,
Mindful that a hero's struggle
In life's battle we must share.

Grant, thy blessing be upon us,
As we start forth on our way,
May it strengthen every effort
Of today and every day.

M. Osinski.



OUR good ship Mercium 1-9-2-7, a stately liner, set sail on July 7th for the Harbor of Graduation off the Island of Nursing Profession. Thaddeas Rivet headed the crew and when after passing through quiet waters for a few days, the steamer stopped for supplies, Catherine Mazur and Luanna Lietz joined the Merry Sailors. The cruise continued for weeks, when again our sturdy ship was forced to dock for repairs. After the engines and pumps had received the final inspection from expert engineers and mechanics we again set sail. During our short stay at shore our captain invited nine guests to join our party, Martha Osinski, Eunice Beaufore, Margaret Germaine, Catherine Maniex, Beatrice Whitney, Marie Ridiker, Josephine Rabie, Jane Spiers, Catherine Buckley. We were soon well acquainted with our new friends and enjoyed their numerous pranks.

As the trip was to be a long one and we were not to stop for many months, our lives became linked together and true friendships grew. As we passed through the gulf of homesickness and past the island of despair, many times we longed to pull in for shore. Still we sailed on and none succumbed. On several occasions storms arose, but our sturdy Mercium ploughed her way through the angry waters and rode the waves of discipline. Several of the crew experienced the seasickness of discouragement and only for the beacon light guiding them onward they would have met with disaster.

When nearing the waters of seniority we received an S. O. S. call from point St. Francis. This message asked us to come to shore for another passenger bound for the Harbor of Graduation. After manipulating the pilot wheel, setting our compass and receiving instructions from our captain we docked long enough to welcome on board Alice Snyder. Our cruise again took up its course and continued for days passing through serene waters. And now, as we are covering the last lap of this long trip and our goal can be seen in the distance, we make ready to take our departure from our worthy Mercium. Our hearts are a wee bit heavy when we think that after stepping from the gang plank that leads to Profession, we can only look back and gaze lovingly upon our ship, but never more can we promenade her decks—never more enjoy the shade and protection of her faithful sails. We must now make use of the few days left and take with us when we leave the protection of our worthy vessel and Alma Mater, the true meaning of our motto which has been indelibly marked on the uppermost flag flying from the mast of Mercium as we sailed the high seas of training days, "Lives Devoted to Others."

T. Rivet.

Class Song

The sea of life is stretching wide,
Our frail barks have need of guide;
May we look up when storms are nigh,
To the name of Mercy written on High.

When the words of farewell are softly said,
At the end of three golden years,
With a song of joy and sense of pain,
The parting of the way has come.

Then lift your head, look the world in the face;
Mercy has made you good and true,
And as memories come, when the day is done
Our thoughts drift back, Mercy, to you.

L. Lietz.

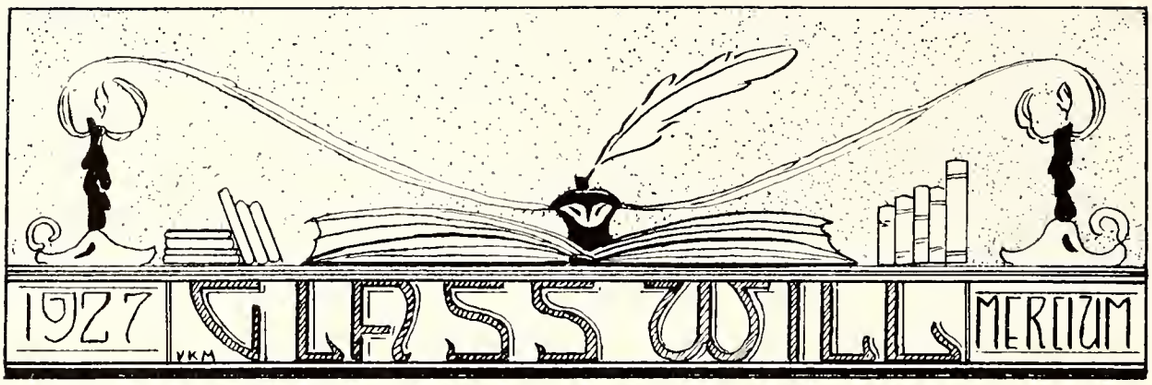
A Word to Graduates

The twentieth century civilization is gradually focusing more light upon the ideals of Service and Success.

The institution from which you and I are about to graduate has been founded upon ideals of Service to afflicted humanity. She is our loving Alma Mater. Through her, we as children were constantly confronted with the opportunities in class rooms and on duty to improve our abilities to serve humanity intelligently, regardless of religion, race or creed.

Few, if any of us, can say that we have done our best in using our time and talent, in harmonizing our thoughts and actions for intelligent service. And yet, our success to a large extent will be measured by our daily effort to know more, to be more sweet in conduct and love as the great Master and Savior would have us be.

Dr. F. Sadowski.



WE, the class of '27 of Mercy School of Nursing, Bay City, State of Michigan, United States of America, being sound of mind and memory do make and declare this to be Our last will and testament.

We dispose of the following:

First: To Mercy Hospital, we leave our work, our praise, our gratitude and loyalty through the coming years.

Second: To Mercy School of Nursing, we leave the privilege, if considered such, to mourn our departure and the right to lay at our door wreaths of forget-me-nots.

Third: To the Superintendents and Supervisors of Mercy Hospital, we leave our sincere gratitude, for their kind assistance in enabling us to reach the harbor of graduation. To them we leave all our excellent examples, to hold up for inspection by future aspirants to the Hall of Fame.

Fourth: To the Members of the Staff, we leave three years of our untiring service, hoping the value thereof to be realized.

Fifth: To the Superintendent of Nursing and her worthy assistant, we leave our appreciation for the kind assistance they have given in making our trip through training happy and worth the while. To them we also leave all unused late permits, discarded colored hose and short uniforms to dispose of as they see fit.

Sixth: To the Juniors we leave our honorable places in the dining room and at the chart desks, also the privilege of escorting the Doctors through the Hall.

Seventh: To the Freshmen we leave our experience in all lines. By making use of this valued item, they will keep out of many scrapes and avoid the application of the word, "Campus."

We now dispose of our personal belongings:

I, Thaddeas Rivet, leave my ability to sit at the chart desk and Supervise to Adeline Erbel.

I, Catherine Mazur, leave my love for special work and liquid diets to Regina Maxwell.

I, Luanna Lietz, leave my quiet ways to Catherine Connelly, who at times seems badly in need of same.

I, Eunice Beanfore, will my ways with babies and love of formulas to Dorothy Kerr.

I, Catherine Maniex, leave all my lip sticks and boy friends to Anna Kirky and Catherine Flynn, hoping that they will distribute them evenly and enjoy them as much as I did.

I, Martha Osinski, leave my rubbers and umbrellas to Ida Howard to make use of them when she cleans her bath room on third floor.

I, Beatrice Whitney, leave my "Sweet Voice" to Eileen Method.

I, Margaret Germain, leave my height to the kewpie twins, Audrey MacDonald and Regina Maxwell.

I, Josephine Rabie, leave all my shoes with rubber heels to Loretta Shaw.

I, Jane Spiers, leave my love of Surgery and Night work to Mary Raby.

I, Catherine Buckley, leave my book of Etiquette to Elizabeth Straney.

I, Marie Ridiker, leave my frequent furloughs to anyone who wishes to prolong the years of training.

I, Alice Snyder, leave my ability to laugh at my own jokes, to Dorothy Snapson.

Signed and sealed by class of '27 this 22nd day of May in the year of Our Lord one thousand nine hundred twenty-seven.

Miss Catherine Mazur.
Mrs. Jane Spiers.

Motto

"Life devoted to others." This, the chosen motto of the class of 1927, has in its few simple words a meaning which God alone can understand in its full worth.

In choosing it as our motto, and in dedicating our lives to others we shall, perhaps, never realize the extent and merit of our kindly deeds until a final day when, as our Lord has revealed, all kind deeds shall receive their reward.

At home, on duty, and at recreation, there must be that in our lives that will make all men think of One who was most perfect of the sons of men.

Sickness comes and the sharp thrust of pain snaps the sufferer's puny strength. Then it is our motto must be ever before us; the fullness of our resignation and the calmness of our patience must shine out as a gleaming light before our patient's eyes, how we wish they could see framed in a picture of gold "Lives Devoted to Others!" What greater sacrifice can there be than to dedicate your life to the service of suffering humanity, for God has promised that a glass of water given in His name shall receive its reward. One of our famous orators once said, "Capacity for sacrifice is the measure of friendship," and very few can be found in this world who know more truly what real sacrifice means than the ideal nurse.

Perhaps we can look back upon many dark hours, even days, of discouragement; but the untiring efforts made for the sake of others have cast their charm about us: and we forget our troubles and press courageously on to goals ahead, never once forgetting the devotion and sacrifice enveloped in our career.

In leaving our classmates, we hope that in their fond recollections our motto may remain in their hearts, and urge them to press forward. Let them ever remember the full meaning of the ideal nurse's life, the value of sacrifice, and the true meaning of service to mankind.

A. Snyder.

The Alphabet

A

A—is for the Annual. Our great book,
Now through its pages we hope you'll look.

B

Catherine Buckley, who's cheerful and happy,
Likes to make everything bright and snappy.

Our little Eunice Beaufore from Alpena hails,
And so with a smile through classes she sails.

C

C—is for courteousness, one great qualification
That all girls must have for the nursing vocation.

D

D—is for duty which none of us shirk,
For you'll find us all busy doing our work.

E

Ethical errors if any we make,
Our cap and bib they'll surely take.

F

F—for the quiet Freshies stands.
From them obedience we demand.

G

Margaret Germain, whose tongue's never still,
But says what she thinks with a very good will.

H

H—is for happiness, which everyone enjoys;
Be careful—don't throw it away like a toy.

I

I—stands for Ignorance. Oh! what does it mean,
For in our class it has never been seen.

J

J—is for the Jolly Juniors, importance they begin to show,
But hold on, Juniors, you had better go slow.

K

K—is for kindness—we know what it means;
A tiny word we learned in our teens.

L

L—is for Luanna Lietz, a bright and happy lass,
Whose creed is, "Don't worry, we'll all surely pass."

M

Catherine Mazur, a very quiet dame;
Her ambition is to win great fame.

Kathryn Maniex when out on a date
Has sometimes been caught coming in late.

N

N—stands for neatness; for this we must plan,
To have a clean cap and to look spick and span.

O

Martha Osinski, with eyes of grey,
Never has anything unkind to say.

P

P—is for politeness that cannot be bought,
It requires only a little more thought.

Q

Q—is for quality; just wait and see
If we're not as good as we seem to be.

R

Joe Rabie, with brown eyes so bright,
Is a very fine girl whom we all like.

Thaddeas Rivet, with curly hair,
If there's any excitement she's sure to be there.

Marie Ridiker is a delicate Miss;
Her name appears frequently on the indisposed list.

S

Alice Snyder, who joined us this year,
Has won everyone with her smile and cheer.

Jane Spier is the girl who loves to talk;
Must have learned to do that before she learned to walk.

T

T—is for talent, we're on the lead;
This you'll find out when "Mercium" you read.

U-V

U-V belong together,
So we'll let them remain as one forever.

W

Beatrice Whitney all acclaim
A wonderful lassie with a pretty name.

X-Y-Z

X-Y-Z—the last three letters.
Now to end our alphabet it does seem better.

E. Beaufore.

SEPTEMBER 8th, 1938, while in the City of New York, I received an invitation to be present at a reunion of the class of '27 of Mercy Hospital which was to be held at the New Rook Hotel in Bay City. The invitation reached me soon after my return from a tour of Europe.

The evening after I received the invitation and while I was sitting at a table in the Blue Dining Room of the Parisian Hotel I turned and observed two ladies following the head waiter. On passing my table I recognized them to be none other than Josephine Rabie and Beatrice Whitney. We were more than delighted to meet and they accepted the invitation to sit at my table for Lunch. We enjoyed an old time visit. Josephine and Beatrice had also received invitations to the reunion and were planning to leave for Bay City the next day.

Josephine told me of her past experiences, how she had left the nursing profession and accepted a position as representative of the largest Hosiery Mills in the United States. This, the World Star Knitting Mills on Water Boulevard, Bay City, specializes in tinted Hosiery. At this time Josephine was calling on the Training School Classes of New York hospitals to show samples and take orders for future delivery.

Beatrice said that she could not put herself right down to hard work, as she had just about all she wanted while in training, and besides, she stated, "Why should I work, when my face alone can earn my living?" She told me she was being paid a salary of two hundred dollars a week for posing for magazine covers, as "The Ideal Nurse." "This surely can keep me up," said Beatrice, "and perhaps in the near future I will marry the artist."

After lunch we girls planned a theatre party for the afternoon. We chose the New Waldorf Astoria Theatre as the Melodrama was being presented by famous European Artists. During one of the scenes music was heard, the soft tones of Rosmania, by Dittrick, played on the Grand Organ echoed through the theatre. The organist was introduced to the Audience immediately after the drama, Miss Alice Snyder—looked as happy as she did the day of her graduation. During the three years of her training, her one ambition was to be an organist and her wish was now

fulfilled. We met her after the opera and made a visit to her apartment on Tinker Avenue. She, too, had received the invitation and would join the party if her manager could obtain a substitute at the Waldorf.

Very little time remained for us to discuss the trip—however, we decided to go by way of Detroit, leaving the next afternoon by Air Route. After last minute preparations and arrangements, we purchased our transportations and were soon sailing through the clouds, making nose dives and looping the loop. On arriving in Detroit a taxi was called which took us to the Michigan Central Depot. After we were settled in the Pullman and the train was making its way through Detroit, some one called our attention to a tall, dignified lady occupying a chair towards the front of the car. She was busy writing, apparently deeply interested in her work. When lunch time came, we were gathered around a table in the diner, Joe glanced up, "Why, Margaret Germaine, wherever did you come from!" she exclaimed. The dignified lady was one of our own class. Another one added to our party, again we rehearsed the history of our activities since that night in September, 1927, when for the last time we as classmates had been together. Margaret through her ability in arguing, had won herself a shining light in politics and was residing in Washington, D. C., during the session of Congress. It was through her efforts that the late bill providing a pension for nurses had been passed.

When we arrived in Bay City we were met at the depot by Mrs. Ridiker O'Brien. She drove us to the Hotel in her Rolls Royce but said she feared that due to the illness of the twins she would be unable to attend the Banquet. During our short visit we learned that Marie was the happy mother of six children. "They are darlings she stated." "And look just like their daddy." "Who would picture Ridiker as she is?" said Margaret, after we had said goodbye.

We were soon ushered to our rooms and as the time was short we had to hurry in order to be ready to meet our other friends. Only nine were present, the others sending regrets for their absence. A telegram from Martha Osinski, a Red Cross leader—"Sorry I can't join the class but just received orders from Washington to leave for China. Five hundred nurses going. I have one hundred in my assignment. Regards to all. Will write later." Signed—Martha Osinski.

A telephone call from Jane Spiers. She could not respond as she was answering a call on Center Ave. Since Miss Hauk left for Cuba, Mrs. Spiers has been filling her engagements.

The remaining members of the class met around the banquet board, and such a time as we had. All gave interesting talks of their respective lives and experiences since leaving Mercy.

Katherine Maniex was doing settlement work in Chicago, and during her spare time answered the questions submitted in the American Journal.

Eunice Beaufore is opening a training school in Arizona. She stated that in this school the nurses will have late leaves four nights a week, all-night permits every other night, and two months vacation. There are no classes on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday. On these days the girls go on hikes.

Katherine Mazur, disappointed in love, is a noted Virtuoso in the art of tickling the Ivories, having backed Snodgrass off the map long ago. She is going to make a tour in Western Europe soon.

When the tall, dark haired, handsome Army officer walked into the lobby of the hotel with Luanna Leitz, everyone was amazed. Since her associations with Dr. Moffatt, Luanna has learned to love the Military strut, and of course army nursing is the only thing for her. She has been in the Army Corps since 1928.

Catherine Buckley was on Night duty in the Pediatric Department of Providence Hospital. One of her duties was to call the student nurses on time for Mass.

For one who always wanted to see the world as Thaddeas Rivet did, a more suitable position than to be a competent first aid nurse in Barnum and Bailey Circus could not have been found. She had signed a ten-year contract in 1928. It was whispered around that she expects to be a bride soon. Yes, the leader in the parade is going to claim her in November.

Our reunion was over and we were all back in our rooms in the hotel, each one thinking over the days gone by. Many incidents came to our minds and far into the night could be heard remarks such as these, "Remember the night," and so on.

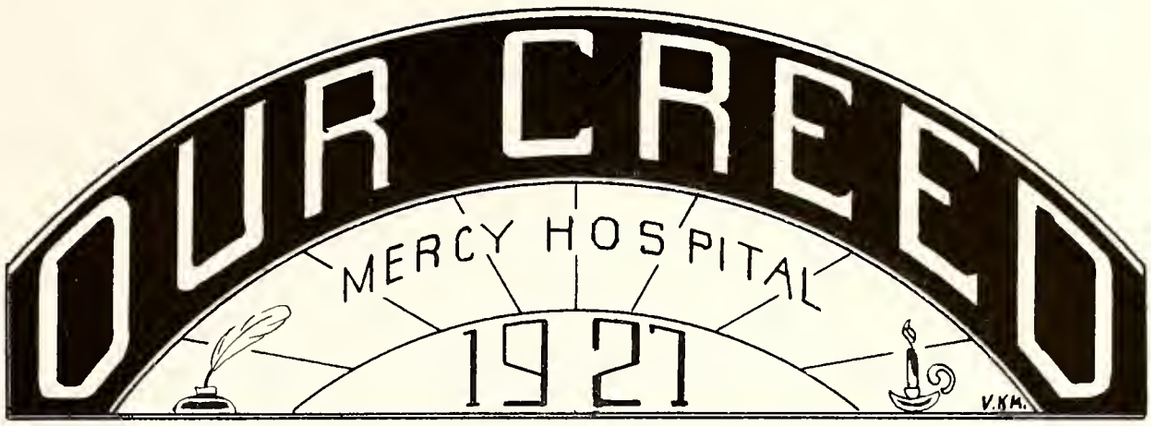
The Juniors.

Senior Nurses

We'll miss you more than words can tell—
Your many friends who love you well—
Our wishes go where'er you go.
We'd like to have you clearly know
That we want God to richly pour
His choicest gifts into your door:
Supreme good health, contented mind,
Friends many and who're always kind,
Each thing you want be granted you
Until you wake beyond the blue.

The Juniors.

PASTE
PROGRAM
HERE



Our Pledge

Reverently do I pledge myself to the whole-hearted service of those whose care is intrusted to this hospital.

To that end I will ever strive for skill in the fulfilment of my duties, holding secret whatsoever I may learn touching upon the lives of the sick.

I acknowledge the dignity of the cure of disease, and the safeguarding of health in which no act is menial or inglorious.

I will walk in upright faithfulness and obedience to those under whose guidance I am to work, and I pray for patience, kindliness, and understanding in the holy ministry to broken bodies.

V.H.M.

Nurses' Rights

A right to tread so softly
  Beside the couch of pain;
To smooth with gentle fingers
  The tangled locks again;
To watch beside the dying
  In wee small hours of night,
And breathe a consecrating prayer
  When the spirit takes its flight.

A right to cheer the weary
  On the battlefields of life;
To give the world of sympathy
  Amid the toil and strife;
To lift the burdens gently
  From sore and tired hearts,
And ne'er grow weary of the task
  Till gloomy care departs.

A right to be a Nurse
  In truest Nurse's work—
If life should be a hard one,
  No duties ever shirk;
A right to show to others
  How strong a Nurse grows
When skies are darkening and lowering
  And life bears not a rose.

Service

True service consists of the faithful execution of all the duties and responsibilities of the nurse. These duties and responsibilities vary accordingly as they relate to the patient, his family and friends, to the hospital, the community, the medical and nursing profession, the various nursing organizations, and to the nurse herself.

Service is what the public justly demands of the nurse, what the doctor rightfully expects, and what you as nurses must give.

To the patient you owe a ready and a willing service, a service of love, of kindness, of sympathy, and of sacrifice. Your first thought must be for your patient. Good nursing includes caring for all the physical needs of the one who is ill. Not only his bodily needs but his mental comfort must be considered. Win his confidence, and prove to him that you are interested in his welfare; by relieving him of worry you have done much toward his recovery. The nurse who is capable of ministering faithfully to her patient and of pleasing his family and friends renders a genuine service to humanity. A good nurse puts her heart into her work, and when her task is finished and she has gone, the influence of her personality remains as a sacred memory to those whom she has served.

Your obligation to the doctor to assist him in his efforts to restore health by co-operation and faithful obedience to his orders.

Perhaps the greatest service that you can render to the medical profession is to serve your patients well. You can, however, do more than this and always use your influence to help maintain good relations between patients and physicians, and between members of the medical and nursing profession.

Besides the debt of service you owe to your patient, the physician, and the medical profession you have certain obligations to the community in which you serve. You can render a great service by making the community amendable to health measures and by assisting the medical fraternity to put such measures into effective operation. You can instruct the people to protect themselves and others from the ravages of preventable infectious diseases. Surely this effort ranks high among the services that you can render during the course of your ministrations in homes in which you labor.

One of the greatest of your obligations is the debt you owe to your profession—the service, one might say, which you owe to yourself. To yourselves you owe this: to always render your most efficient, true, whole-hearted service; for by the nature and spirit of the services you give, you are either helping or hindering in the raising of the standard of the nursing profession. You are under the observation of the public and most people judge all nurses by the one or two whom they have chanced to meet.

In these words, "God's hand reached down to earth," Rodin has glorified the service of a nurse. It cannot be the plan of the universe that man should so misuse or misunderstand the function of his body, that one of its parts, because of its improper functioning, becomes more important than the whole. So the mind which controls the sun and the stars in their course, works through the nurse to accomplish the necessary readjustment. Rodin has attempted to show the hand of God in form. Nurses can show the hand of God in fact.

S. M. T.

JUMPERS
V.K.M.

J. O. COLLIER
E. M. METHOD
R. M. MAXWELL
M. C. RABY
M. A. BRESSETTE
C. H. CONNELLY
R. E. ERBEL

'28

D.P.KERR
S.M.KEENAN
O.M.LA POINTE
A.A.WALDBAUER
R.M.BRUNETTE
M.K.SMITH
F.J.CAMPBELL

'28

H.A.MACDONALD
L.M.SHAW
B.A.EBERE
L.F.ALLEN
F.L.ROYAL
G.E. McMANAMON
V.K.M.

'28

Junior History

We are certain of the ultra importance of the Junior Class in the training school. They supply the missing link twixt the green Freshmen and the worthy Seniors.

The Class of 1928 entered on their training career September 14, 1925.

Olive La Pointe, class president, often heard to say, "The stand where the Doctor gives ether."

Roseanna Brunette, a mighty fine girl and just as thin.

Maryann Bressette would have been a chauffeur, if she had her choice of a career.

Fidelis Campell is capable, dependable and likeable too.

Stella Keenan, our happy-go-lucky.

Katherine Connelly, the fairest blond, who likes red hair and campus parties.

Grace McManamon, an all around gal, but she breaks thermometers by the score.

Amands Waldbauer is one of few, topped with golden tresses.

Leota Allen—flits about and touches terra firma bi-annually.

Regina Maxwell and Audre McDonald we call "Our Kewpie Twins."

Dorthy Kerr gives a rare smile, but when it comes it's worth while.

Adeline Erbel and Muriel Smith are the anatomists of the class. In all exams they're sure to pass.

Josephine Collier—with eyebrows arched. In from Hemlock this lass marched.

Eileen Method—likes things kept in shape, herself included.

Lauretta Shaw—is efficient and self possessed.

Mary Raby is a royal Miss, a combination of imp and angel.

Florence Royal—a girl with a big heart and lots of pep.

Beatrice Ebere—is dear to the hearts of all.

The Appendix

(Apologies to Edgar Allen Poe)

Once upon a midnight dreary,
Under ether weak and weary,
As the operating table grim,
My senseless carcass bore,
Suddenly there comes a zipping
As of someone coolly ripping,
Ripping up my stomach floor,
Dr. Warren and maybe more.

Ah, distinctly I remember
It was in the bleak December
And each single separate weapon
Thirsted deeply for my gore.
Eagerly they close did shave me,
Antiseptics then did lave me,
And the blackest pills they gave me,
Till I shrieked, nay even swore.
Then by the lift they took me
To the operating floor,
Yanked me in and locked the door.

Then they cut and sawed and gashed me,
And they filed and bored and hashed me,
Till they found and wrenched thee from me,
Fair appendix, lost Lenore.
"Doctor," yelled I, "prithee tell me,"
To this cry my fears impelled me,
"Tell me truly, I implore,
Can't I have appendicitis as I did in days of yore?"
Said the Doctor, "Nevermore."

So appendix thou hast left me,
Deeply, sadly hast bereft me,
On earth thy pangful pangs I'll feel
Oh, never, never, more.
But perhaps when life has fled me
And the angel host hast led me
Up to join the heavenly chorus
On the shining, shimmering shore,
There I'll find thee and I'll clasp thee
To my scar, my lost Lenore,
Once again for ever more.

Could it possibly be Tpse Flat
The Letter From Her dear
Short skirts
My Poor Feet
Bad Arches
When Sister Forgets to lock the linen close
When the elevator "is" out of "order"
Oh my goodness No charting done What'll I do?
The new Spring hat
Ring Bang
Before her Surgical training
7:00 A.M. and All-is-well with
When Dr Foster asks to see the Baby Charts.
Miss Huckley
Nursery

Good Nursing

Good nursing has at least six important characteristics. Simplest to teach and to understand is the characteristic of manual skill. The good nurse has learned how to move quietly and gently; how to make beds, and apply bandages, and do many other things, some of which call for nice muscular co-ordination.

When a doctor wants a nurse "who knows her business and her follow orders," he probably means one who has learned good methods for doing things, and has practiced them so much that they are matters of habit, and she can do them whenever needed, and invariably well. It is this physical part of nursing which lends itself most readily to job analysis, and which is probably in the minds of most people when they talk of "basic nursing" which every nurse must learn.

The other five characteristics of good nursing are a little easy to describe. Important among them is what the Spaniards call the "gift of people" and what, for want of a better word, we can call "leadership." It is what enables the nurse to lead her patients to believe in the doctor and to take the doctor's orders seriously. It makes her able to teach the patient not only what the doctor wants him to do, but why. It enables her to get the patient to eat when he is not hungry. It is a characteristic born in or acquired by successful politicians, and salesmen, and women of "charm," and it is particularly valuable in the nurse. It is probably what the doctor means when he speaks of the nurse who "knows how to handle people."

Another quality essential to good nursing is persistence. It is the quality which, at the scene of disaster, keeps the Red Cross nurse on duty 50, 60, 70 hours at a stretch. It is what keeps doctors and nurses at the bedside, fighting desperately to save the patient who they know cannot be saved—working to perform a miracle. It is what the athlete calls "the ability to take punishment." The deep underlying respect and affection between the medical and nursing professions, which is so impressive to the outsider, rests upon the mutual recognition that nurses and doctors know how to fight. They carry on.

A fourth characteristic of good nursing is the knowledge of what it is all about. The good nurse is the experienced nurse. She has seen, cared for and thought about many different sorts of people, with many different sorts of trouble. She has read books and talked with doctors and other nurses. She has a broad background of information and practice. The superintendent of a famous metropolitan hospital, handling a wide variety of cases, recently remarked: "There is an enormous difference between the two-year and the three-year nurse; and the superiority of the three-year product results not from the extra classes she may have had, but from the additional twelve months of responsible and intensive contact with sick people. She is permeated with her subject."

The fifth characteristic is kindness but of a sort which is extremely rare because it is kindness dominated by intelligence. It is a characteristic peculiar to good nurses that keeps in mind the patient's physical and mental well being. It is the attitude of mind which, when her postoperative patient has just dropped asleep after having

received three-eighths of a grain of morphine, makes the nurse omit the morning bath and let her sleep, instead of forcibly shaking her awake again.

This attitude of mind is illustrated by the story of the private duty nurse who was called into an isolated Illinois farmhouse in the dead of the winter to a scarlet fever case. The child patient was apparently dying of exhaustion, because she could not sleep. The mucous membrane of nose and throat had become so badly swollen so that whenever she fell asleep the dried tongue stopped the child's breathing and she woke again. The nurse, watching the child, discovered the difficulty. Wrapped in a blanket, in an unheated bedroom in zero weather, she sat all night long at the bedside with a glass of water and a medicine dropper, letting fall drop after drop of water on the child's swollen tongue, so that the child slept peacefully all night through.

That was more than kindness or sympathy. It called for endurance, for insight into what was wrong, and for ingenuity as to the remedy. This type of mind is probably what nurses and doctors mean when they speak of "the art of nursing." It was described recently as characteristic of "the nurse who knows what to do—when."

Finally, perhaps the most interesting and dramatic of the qualities which make for good nursing is a kind of acute perception which gives to some nurses what seems to the outsider an uncanny ability to know what is happening to the patient. It is sometimes spoken of as "intuition," or the nurse's "sixth sense." It seems to be acquired by especially intelligent nurses, as a result of long hours of concentrated highly keyed attention to patients. These particular nurses become sensitive to extremely slight stimuli, such as scarcely perceptible changes in the color of a patient's skin, or the odor of the room, or the angle his hand makes with his wrist.

It is this extreme responsiveness in slight stimuli which makes possible this story of a ward supervisor in a maternity hospital who said: "I've sort of got so I recognize patients who are going to need watching. There was one woman—for example—I had finished my rounds and was going off duty, but I couldn't get her off my mind. I had been in so see her and she seemed all right, but I had a hunch she wasn't. So I went back for another look. And believe me, one look was enough! I simply dove under the bed clothes and grabbed her! It was a postpartum hemorrhage." Most good nurses would have recognized such a hemorrhage after it was well started, but only the exceptional nurse, peculiarly sensitive to extremely slight stimuli, would recognize it at its onset.

Of these six characteristics, only manual skill is usually directly aimed for in training, and yet it is perhaps the least important of the series. The others are acquired in varying degrees by the more intelligent and experienced nurses.

E. J. Persons, M. D.

In Surgical Days

When in the O. R. room we go,
Another cap we wear,
Our locks must all be out of sight,
For style we do not care.

To package and to autoclave
Our duty now we see;
The other nurses haven't time,
They busy seem to be.

We rush into the room called "C"
And then our scrubbings come;
We scrub our hands, we scrub the floor,
Our work is never done.

Next comes "A" with major ops.
Oh, dear, what shall I do?
With all the drapes and instruments,
Sutures and sponges too.

We next go to a room called "B,"
And then I guess we work,
For all the germs we sure must kill
And duty never shirk.

The drums we know must now be packed
And gloves get full of holes,
So little patches we do cut
And paste them on like soles.

So now it's senior work we do;
At this we do need pep,
To make the things to smoothly run
And keep the folks in step.

When we can say farewell at last
To all this high wide life,
We smile and to ourselves we say,
We're glad there was no rife.

E. Beaufore.

1929
FRESHMEN
V.K.M.

EVELYN DESHONE
BLANCHE MACKINNON
DOROTHY SNAPSON
KATHLEEN MAHONEY
GERTRUDE NOWICKI
CORA McCULLOCK
ANNA KIRKY
V.K.M

'29

LORETTA MERCIER
ELIZABETH STRANEY
JANE RABY
ETHEL LEE RAE
MARIE ROSE
MARY AGNES FITZPATRICK
CATHERINE FLYNN

'29

THELMA GONYAW
IDA HOWARD
MARGUERITE McILLANEY
LULU COONAN
MARION ENOS
RACHEL McCANN
GLADYS GLAZER
V.K.M

'29

Freshmen History

On September 1st, 1926, the Freshmen of our organization took upon themselves the task of weaving into the fabric of their lives the pattern of a Nurse. Some came from the North, others from the South, some from Saginaw and some from our own town. After spending three months on probation they were given the much prized caps and bibs. They were indeed very happy. It was necessary to awaken them early the first morning, in order that time be taken to adjust the bib and tilt the cap to the correct angle. The Freshmen are a fine crowd and we wish them well through future years.

I haven't much faith in the man who complains
  Of the work he has chosen to do.
He's lazy, or else deficient in brains,
  And—maybe a hypocrite, too.
He's likely to cheat and he's likely to rob;
Away with the man who finds fault with his job.

But give me the man with the sun in his face
  And the shadows all dancing behind;
Who can meet his reverses with calmness and grace,
  And never forget to be kind;
For whether he's wielding a scepter or swab,
I have faith with the man who's in love with his job.

Then take this honey for thy bitterest cup,
  There is no failure save in giving up:
No real fall so long as one still tries,
  For seeming setbacks make the strong man wise;
There's no defeat in truth, save from within,
Unless you're beaten there, you're bound to win.

Recipes

DR. SCRAFFORD

1 charming personality.
2 bushels of curly red hair.
2 cups of humor.
A dash of style.
Stir in plenty of ability and serve in the O. R. daily.

DR. PERSONS

2 cups cheerfulness.
1 good memory.
1 perfect profile.
2 bedroom slippers.
Blend well together and serve on Night duty—hourly.

DR. MOFFATT

1 military strut.
1½ cups of beauty.
1 barrel of willingness.
1 nurse's heart.
2 drops of croton oil.
Marinate well with humor and serve under the Alpine rays.

DR. DUMOND

2 capable hands.
1 bushel of determination.
2 ounces of argumentation.
Plenty of pep.
Mix well.
Lastly stir in for flavor 10 clear high notes. Serve at once.

DR. McLEAN

2 sick babies.
1 good stethescope.
1 large smile.
2 bushels patience.
Flavor with good style and serve at 10 A. M. in children's department.

DR. SADOWSKI

1 good disposition.
1 cup determination.
Small amount of hair.
2 cups history charts.
1 cup of helpfulness.
Shake together (do not stir) and serve hot.

WHO?

2 cups of efficiency.
2 invisible eyebrows.
1 hot temper.
1 can Dutch Cleanser.
1 bar of soap.
1 good scrub brush.
2 cups of cheerfulness.
Mix thoroughly and serve.

L. MERCIER

1 winning way.
2 rosy cheeks.
1 pleasing smile.
Place in paddy pans, bake in moderate oven, frost with happiness and serve cold.

MISS RIVET

2 dreamy eyes.
1 cup of indifference.
2 ounces of pep.
Lastly stir in 2 cups of knowledge, shake quickly into a uniform and serve at chart desk 8 hours a day.

WHO?

1 magnetic personality.
2 barrels of love.
2 cups of speed.
2 cups of ability.
Fold together—roll very thin, bake in hot oven and serve on special.

MISS SENEY

2 bee's knees.
1 crisp uniform.
2 cups speed.
2 bushels of observation.
1 cup criticism.
Stir in lastly the love of one Roentgenologist, serve with black tea.

MISS KIRKY

2 cups of willingness.
1 cup humor.
4 quarts of efficiency.
Stir in one quart of energy and speed and serve freely on toasted corners.

Recipes

MISS MANIEX

50 lbs. pep.
25 lbs. speed.
10 lbs. love of men.
5 lbs. paint and powder.
1 permanent wave.
10 lbs. efficiency.
5 lbs. observation.
Mix thoroughly—pack in brine for future use.

MISS HOWARD

1,536,000 grains adipose tissue.
2 barrels speed.
1 barrel strength.
1 love to talk.
Stir well and add enough willingness to flavor. Serve on lettuce leaf. Enough for 500 servings.

MISS MAZUR

2 cups willingness.
2 cups ability.
1 cup quietness.
2 cups happiness.
Flavor with a dash of wit, place in uniform and serve any time or place.

MISS KERR

1 turned up nose.
5 ounces sarcasm.
2 ounces speed.
1 small smile.
Serve with rocking chair and orthophonic.

MISS CAMPBELL

2 ounces of advice.
2 broken arches.
1 ounce argumentation.
1 cup of ability.
Small amount of speed.
Flavor with a dash of humor and serve in plaster of paris half casts.

MARY JANE SPIERS

1 ready answer.
2 cups of willingness.
1 ounce of speed.
2 cups of ability.
Put in jar and serve as relish. Very good.

MISS KATHERINE BUCKLEY

2 large eyes.
18 hours sleep.
25 colored hose.
50 hard heels.
2 cups of kindness.
Serve small amount when called for.

MISS K. CONNELLY

1 permanent wrinkle.
2 cups sarcasm.
1 cup of knowledge.
2 barrels gossip.
1 steady beau.
Flavor well with humor—a dash of love and some speed. Put in fruit jar, cover tightly. Very explosive.

Success in Life

There are three general principles on which success in life rests:
These are faith, hope, and charity.
These may be reduced in modern language to the precepts:

Look up and not down.
Look forward and not back.
Look out and not in.
Lend a hand.

Please Bring On The Eats
Hey Pal
cough sneeze
Bark
Sister = May I have a day off Im so-sick
Merion
The Serve Self
Preparing for a date.
Miss Allen
When'd you get those eyes
Queer Quirks OF Nature
great magnified
Miss
Miss Lieby
Alone.
Why Sisters go Ga Ga
Miss Oswald
I always wear my Rubbers

If

(Apologies to Kipling)

If you can please the supervisors and the doctors,
  The superintendent and the patients, too,
The patients' families and your senior nurses,
  'Twould seem that you'd have quite enough to do.

If you can please the Czarines of the pantry,
  The Napoleons who massage and bathe the hall,
And yell at you for not walking on the ceiling;
  Or smile when you have lost your beau's phone call.

If you can please the internes and house-doctors,
  And hold your tongue when the buck they try to pass,
Or when chambermaids and elevator workers
  Think your day is lost without their sass.

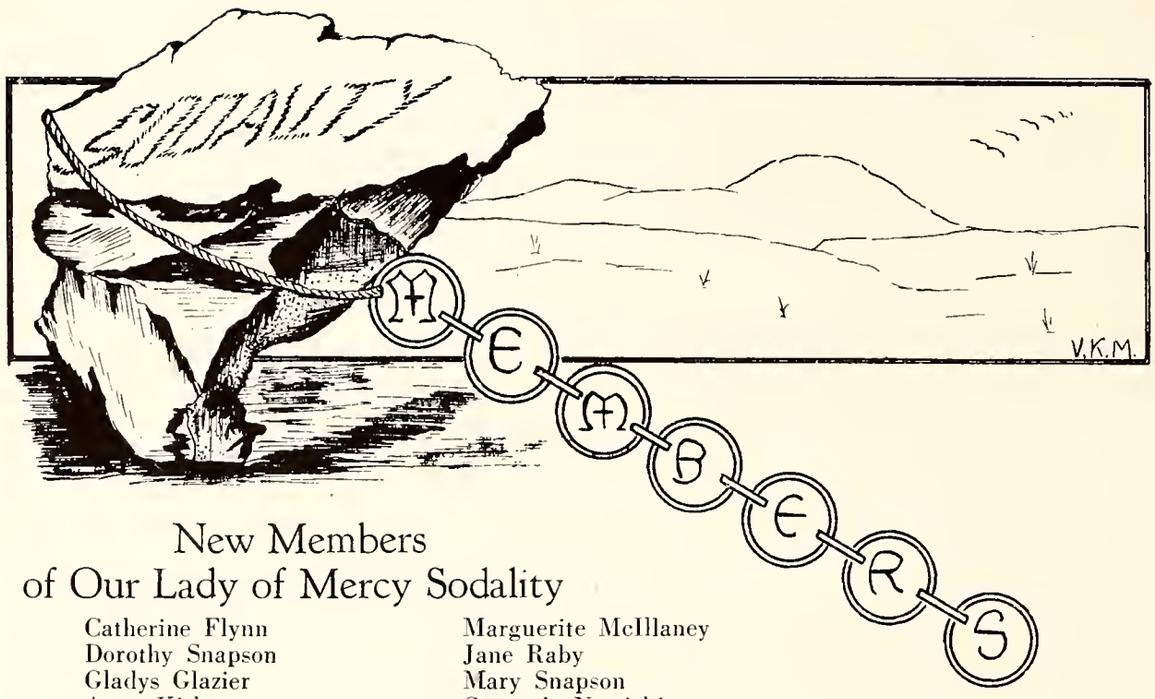
If you can stay your tears when in the drug room,
  They ask for whom and why you want their wares,
Send you back pronto for prescriptions,
  And make you climb what seems a million stairs.

If you survive three months in the "Opr." room,
  With "tie my gown," and "hand me this or that,"
The wild excitement of the doctor's scolding,
  Still don't give up and leave your training flat.

If you don't swear the night you've got a "heavy,"
  And are informed it's your turn to relieve.
If you stick when unkind tongues run rampant,
  That weaker friends seem quite disposed to believe.

If you can keep your head when lights around you
  Are flashing 'til you don't know what to do.
If you can keep your heart when handsome internes
  Are losing theirs and blaming it on you.

If now that you have finished training,
  You can look back upon this life as mild,
Yours is the earth, but I'm here to tell you,
  You'll not be a nurse—you'll be a saint, my child!



New Members of Our Lady of Mercy Sodality

Catherine Flynn
Dorothy Snapson
Gladys Glazier
Anna Kirky
Elizabeth Straney
Kathleen Mahoney
Rachael McCann
Marguerite McIllaney
Jane Raby
Mary Snapson
Gertrude Nowicki
Marie Rose
Lulu Coonan
Marion Enos
Lauretta Mercier
Loretta Shaw
Beatrice Ebere

The Sodality of Our Lady of Mercy in its fourth year numbers ninety-five members. Seventeen were admitted on December eighth, 1926. Association meetings are held in the Home. These meetings consist of a sermon and sodality prayers in the Chapel of the Sacred Heart, a business meeting followed by a social hour in the Lecture Hall. These meetings are a source of true enjoyment to the student body, giving them a real family spirit, affording them spiritual influence and much needed physical recreation. The influence of the Sodality is reflected in the daily lives of all those who are true sodalists.

Our Lady of Mercy places her mantle of blue around the lives of her true followers. In her supernatural character Mercy School is best known by those who call her by the tender name Alma Mater, for their knowledge is by experience and their understanding by love. There is no art or science in any curriculum, there is no theory in the universe, no quest of goal or adventure, no ground for any system of morals in which God is not recognized as Creator, obeyed as Master, and honored and loved as Father. Where God is loved—there His Mother will be honored.

These are the ideals held out and cherished by Mercy School. On this she ponders night and day, pouring forth fervent prayers for her children of the past, present and even future, that they may hold these ideals and make them the constant aim of their lives.

Each morning as the first rays of light steal forth, these girls who are faithful wearers of the blue and white, kneel for daily Mass. Evening comes and again White Caps are seen kneeling and we hear them whisper:

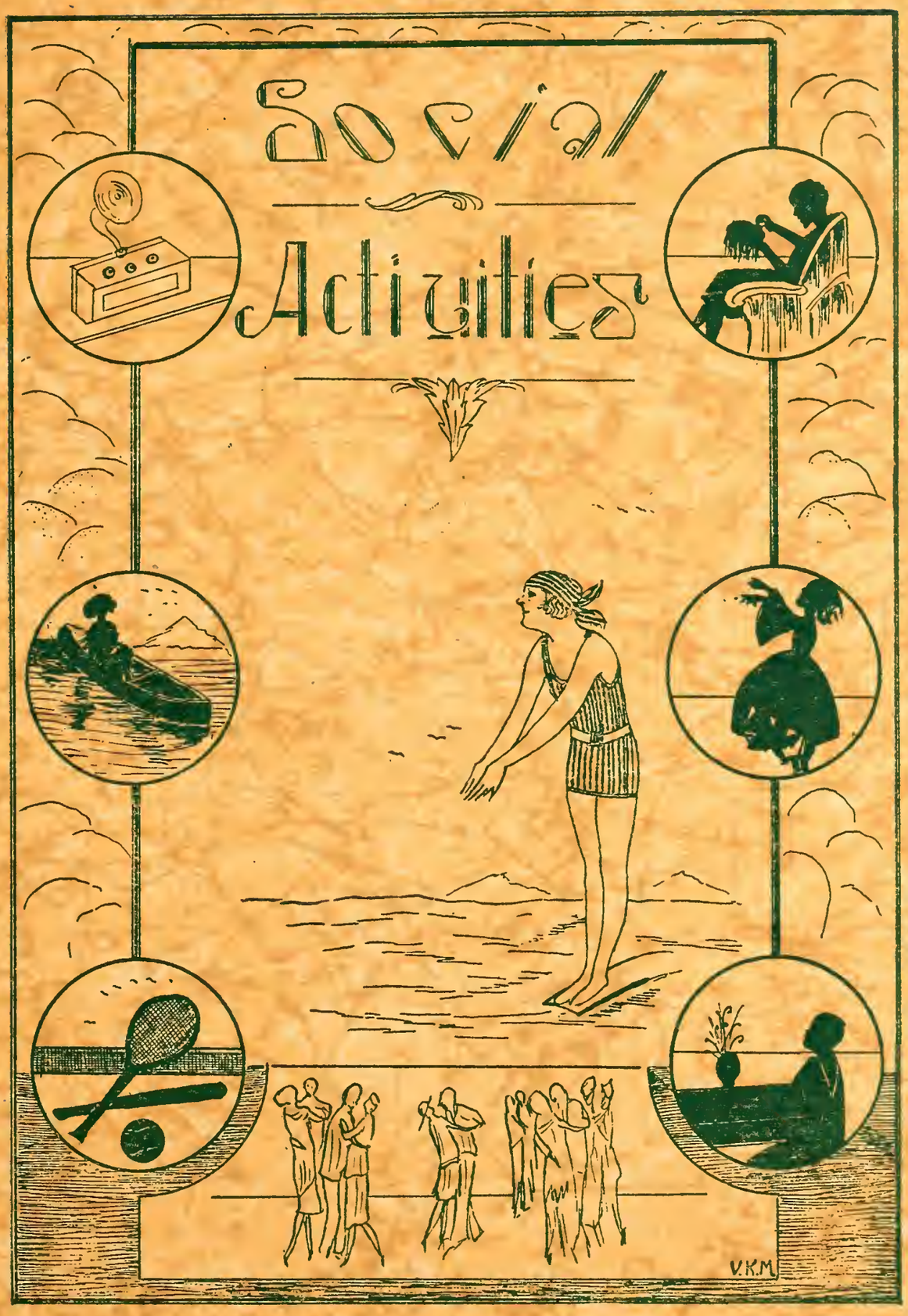
I have come to thee, sweet Mother,
With my offerings today;
In your loving hands I place them,
Purify each one, I pray.

None are worthy, dearest Mother,
Of the love He showed for me.
But 'tis all I have to give Him,
So I give them all through thee.

He will not despise them, Mother,
Though they are so very small:
Given through his own dear Mother,
He will bless each one and all.

Tell, oh tell Him, Mother Mary,
That the prayer of this poor heart
Is to be with Him forever,
Buried in His Sacred Heart.

I must leave thee now, dear Mother,
But this wayward heart of mine
Longs to be united
With thy Son's dear heart and thine.


Social
Activities
V.K.M.

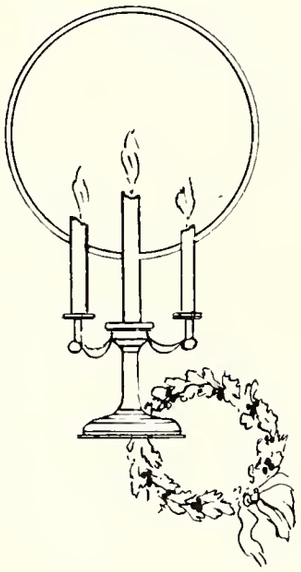
Hallowe'en Party

After eight weeks of hard study and practical work, the girls looked forward with enthusiasm to the Hallowe'en Party, the first diversion of the season.

The evening started with the roomful of masked girls, like gay youngsters playing Hide and Seek and other Kid games. The program consisted of games, dancing and music.

About midnight luncheon was served and prizes awarded to the individuals wearing the most weird and ghostliest fashions. Pumpkins, cornstalks and autumn leaves were utilized as decorations.

V.K.M.



Christmas Tree

"O sing a carol joyfully,
The year's great feast a-keeping."

Christmas—of all the days in the year what day is dearer, holds more thrills, provides more dreams for one than Christmas? For days ahead plans were made for the Party; all were enthusiastic.

The day before a large tree was put in the parlor in readiness for the decoration, which included shining tinsel, sparkling ornaments and twinkling lifts of soft red, green and gold. The room suggested the Christmas Spirit.

The evening of the Party arrived and the girls were assembled. In the distance bells were heard; a breathless hush fell over all for a few moments, then a jolly Santa Claus marched in. Amid a clamor of shrieks and squeaks, he tirelessly distributed gifts to all, making each one happy.

Christmas Carols were chanted repeating the joyful message,

"Peace on earth, good will toward men."

Midwinter Frolic

The third annual midwinter frolic was indeed a success. It was sponsored by the student nurses, and chaperoned by the Staff Doctors and their wives.

The beautiful Ball Room at the Hotel Wenonah was completely transformed with Japanese lanterns, palms, flowers and cosy sitting-out places. The features of the evening were given by the McMullen Sisters, classical and popular dancers, and by Mr. Brogger, vocal soloist. Oriental favors were presented during the grand march, which was led by Irene Chevrette and Stanley McRae. An out-of-town orchestra provided splendid music.

Valentine Party

A profusion of spring flowers, stately palms and the soft glow of pink candles, with the accompaniment of the harmonious music breathed forth a spirit of welcome joyfulness to the assembly of the St. Valentine's Banquet. The appointments were very lovely, and included table decorations in pink and white, flowers and pink candles in silver holders.

A Cupid doll gay in pink and silver adorned each table. Each table also held heart shaped favors suitable for the occasion.

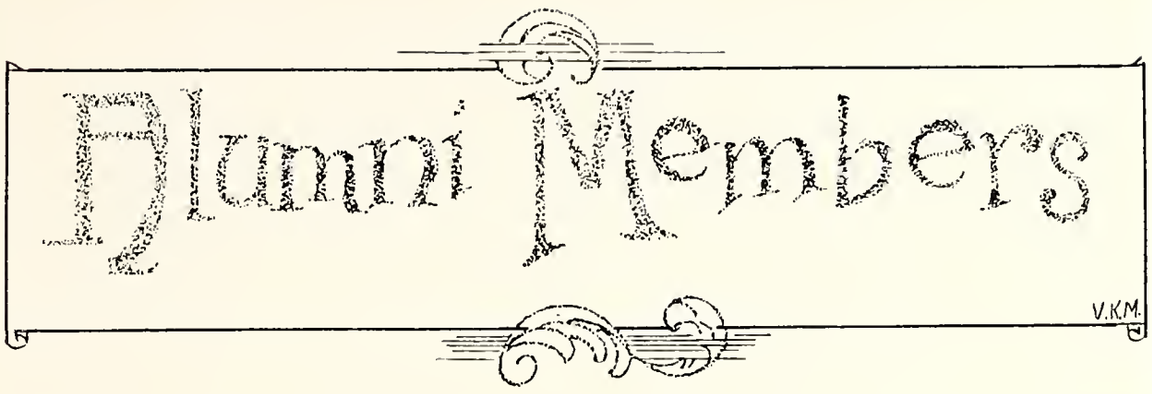
V.K.M.

Skip Day

One of the happiest days of the year was that spent by the Seniors when, leaving all cares, worries and responsibilities, they skipped away to enjoy a beautiful day in the woods and at the Beach.

At seven A. M. a large transport bus which was chartered for the occasion arrived, and the girls laden with bundles, huge hampers of delicious "eats," their bathing suits, kodaks, etc., left very quietly, only a Supervisor or two knowing of their departure.

The day was spent in playing games, swimming, tramping through the woods and strolling along the shore. They returned late in the evening, tired; but all agreeing that it was a "Perfect Day."



	1903	
Miss Jennie De Young	Mrs. Richard Irvine	Bay City, Mich.
Miss Josephine Kelly	Mrs. Wm. Trombley	Bay City, Mich.
Miss Margaret Kelly	Mrs. John Mulholland	Bay City, Mich.
Miss Catherine Sullivan	Mrs. Jefferey	Detroit, Mich.
Miss Mayme Lynch	Mrs. John Colberg	Munger, Mich.
Miss Mary Mahar	Private Duty	Detroit, Mich.
Miss Mary Corrigan	Deceased	
Mr. Joe Otto	Deceased	
	1904	
Miss Minnie Merrick	Deceased	
Miss Susan Francis	Private Duty	Detroit, Mich.
	1905	
Miss Theresa Kirchman	Public Health	Bay City, Mich.
Miss Mayme McNenly	Mrs. John McDonald	Bay City, Mich.
Miss Corrine Benedict	Mrs. Lowry	Grand Rapids, Mich.
	1906	
Miss Mabel Sullivan	Mrs. Frost	Detroit, Mich.
Miss Sadie Mulholland	Deceased	
	1907	
Miss Valida Duchos	Mrs. Albert Fortier	Detroit, Mich.
Miss Nellie Hennessey	Mrs. Sugnet	Gagetown, Mich.
Miss Genevieve Cunningham	Private Duty	Detroit, Mich.
Miss Bertha LeDuc	Mrs. Hubbard	Detroit, Mich.
	1908	
Miss Delilah Welsh	Mrs. James Conway	Bobeaygen, Ont.
Miss Nellie Purtle	Mrs. Hecht	West Branch, Mich.
Miss Agatha Brown	Deceased	
Mr. Geo. McGrath	Industrial	Detroit, Mich.
	1909	
Miss Nellie Cavan	Private Duty	Detroit, Mich.
Miss Josephine Dopp	Mrs. Fred Soderquist	Bay City, Mich.
Miss Anna Dangler	Public Health	Seattle, Wash.
Miss Annabelle Gahm	Private Duty	Bay City, Mich.
Miss May Cramer	Institutional	Rochester, Minn.
Miss Edith Benson	Private Duty	Detroit, Mich.
	1910	
Miss Myrtle Benson	Mrs. Art McNamara	Detroit, Mich.
Miss Edith LeFevre	Mrs. Jack Curl	Detroit, Mich.
Miss Ida Merrick	Mrs. Joseph Schultz	Gladwin, Mich.
Miss Minnie McInerney	Private Duty	Bay City, Mich.
	1911	
Miss Emma Neowski	Mrs. Guindon	Cleveland, Ohio
Miss Alice Bedour	Mrs. Glendenon	Flint, Mich.
Miss Anna Shannon	Mrs. Noonee	Detroit, Mich.
Mr. Arthur McNamara	Industrial	Detroit, Mich.
	1912	
Miss Elizabeth McDonald	Institutional	Detroit, Mich.
Miss Elizabeth Mahar	Private Duty	Bay City, Mich.
Miss Irene Balhoff	Mrs. Patrick Mahoney	Bay City, Mich.
Miss Edna Charters	Mrs. Harry Vaughn	Detroit, Mich.
Miss Agnes Carmichael	Sr. Mary Hildegarde	Grand Rapids, Mich.
Miss Minnie Bedour	Mrs. Robb	Butler, Pa.
Miss Ethel Cusick	Sr. Mary Carmel	Grand Rapids, Mich.

1913

Miss Clara Weighers	Private Duty	Gladwin, Mich.
Miss Alice McMahon	Deceased	
Miss Irene Moore	Mrs. Wm. Clute	Clare, Mich.
Miss Teresa McCauley	Mrs. Fred Webber	Bay City, Mich.
Miss Mabel Ellis	Technician	Cleveland, Ohio
Miss Agnes Halloran	Public Health	Bay City, Mich.
Mr. Frank Donahue	Industrial	Bay City, Mich.

1914

Miss Elizabeth Kavanaugh	Mrs. Patrick Nolon	Detroit, Mich.
Miss Anna Collins	Mrs. Frank Donahue	Bay City, Mich.
Miss Mary Scanlon	Sr. Mary Mark	Grand Rapids, Mich.
Miss Dorthy Lennon	Sr. Mary Wendell	Grand Rapids, Mich.
Miss Minnie Parton	Mrs. Floyd McCracken	Bay City, Mich.
Miss Louise Bonem	Mrs. Williams	Detroit, Mich.
Miss Minnie O'Leary	Sr. Mary Raymond	Grayling, Mich.

1915

Miss Grace Ellis	Mrs. Homer Guindon	Cleveland, Ohio
Miss Irene Easton	Private Duty	Detroit, Mich.
Miss Teresa Duffy	Mrs. Josephine Rosebush	Bay City, Mich.
Miss Nellie Haley	Private Duty	Roxburg, Mass.
Miss Julia Schneble	Public Health	Flint, Mich.
Miss Gertrude Dumas	Mrs. George Spetza	Detroit, Mich.
Miss Ellen Lynch	Deceased	
Miss Blanche Pawlak	Mrs. Albert Broe	Bay City, Mich.

1916

Miss Laura Bedour	Mrs. Henry Zedar	Bay City, Mich.
Miss Ruth Tovatt	Mrs. Mike Frasik	Bay City, Mich.
Miss Cecelia LaRue	Private Duty	Detroit, Mich.
Miss Blanche Finnerty	Private Duty	West Branch, Mich.
Miss Evelyn O'Connor	Industrial	Bay City, Mich.
Miss Margaret McKendry	Deceased	

1917

Miss Anna Slattery	Mrs. Clancy	West Branch, Mich.
Miss Ethel O'Connor	Public Health	Bay City, Mich.
Miss Mary E. Redmond	Public Health	Bay City, Mich.
Miss Tillie Schrenzel	Institutional	Long Beach, Calif.
Miss Josephine Doyle	Mrs. Alfred O'Reilly	Bay City, Mich.
Miss Mary J. McKendry	Private Duty	Bay City, Mich.
Miss Bertha Eigner	Mrs. Charles Dermody	Providence, R. I.
Mr. Ed. Hemple	Deceased	

1918

Miss Marie Hemen	Public Health	Detroit, Mich.
Miss Letitia Heaney	Private Duty	Bay City, Mich.
Miss Regina Rajewski	Mrs. Patrick McCarthy	Detroit, Mich.
Miss Helen Gwisdala	Sr. Mary Mark	Kalamazoo, Mich.
Miss Abbie Moriarity	Mrs. Frank Madill	Detroit, Mich.
Miss Elizabeth Gibson	Mrs. Albert Graves	Flint, Mich.
Miss Irene Cavanaugh	Mrs. Fred Rancour	Detroit, Mich.
Miss Elizabeth Cardinal	Mrs. George Canton	Jackson, Mich.

1919

Miss Helen Whitney	Institutional	Detroit, Mich.
Miss Gertrude Young	Mrs. McConnell	Rosebush, Mich.
Miss Myrtle Green	Public Health	Detroit, Mich.
Miss Muriel Kelly	Public Health	Detroit, Mich.
Miss Lillian Ray	Institutional	Detroit, Mich.
Miss Anna O'Meara	Mrs. Marky (Frank)	Flint, Mich.
Miss Carman Legary	Mrs. Petitte	Bay City, Mich.

1920

Miss Mildred Payette	Private Duty	Bay City, Mich.
Miss Anna Toppa	Public Health	Flint, Mich.
Miss Viola Leahy	Public Health	Detroit, Mich.
Miss Irene McKay	Public Health	Detroit, Mich.
Miss Veronica McMahon	Industrial	Bay City, Mich.
Miss Grace Steppler	Deceased	
Miss Victoria Eurek	Private Duty	Bay City, Mich.

1921

Miss Anna Ryan	Institutional	Cleveland, Ohio
Miss Dorthy Russett	Mrs. Wm. Neal	Bay City, Mich.

Miss Elizabeth Powers	Private Duty	Ann Arbor, Mich.
Miss Eva Smith	Private Duty	Bay City, Mich.
Miss Maud Moss	Private Duty	Grand Rapids, Mich.
Miss Hilda Wirth	Mrs. Walter Hagadome	Long Beach, Calif.
Miss Sadie Royal	Mrs. Robert Martin	Flint, Mich.
Miss Elizabeth O'Meara	Mrs. Harold Oakley	Detroit, Mich.

1922

Miss Edith Preston	Mrs. Fred Drummond	Bay City, Mich.
Miss Elsie Rowden	Mrs. Geo. Halligan	Bay City, Mich.
Miss Mary Haybrick	Institutional	Adrian, Mich.
Miss Josephine Ryba		Detroit, Mich.
Miss Grace O'Leary	Private Duty	Bay City, Mich.
Miss Katherine Kaufman	Mrs. Katherine Reilly	Bay City, Mich.
Miss Blanche Coggins	Private Duty	Bay City, Mich.
Miss Treva Priest	Private Duty	Arizona

1923

Miss Mary J. Beal	Mrs. Harvey Green	Detroit, Mich.
Miss Pauline Cramer	Deceased	
Miss Rose Kavalaski	Mrs. Leo Slazinski	Detroit, Mich.
Miss Violet Groczyk	Institutional	Detroit, Mich.
Miss Christine Brozozwski	Institutional	Detroit, Mich.
Miss Katherine Fritz	Public Health	Detroit, Mich.
Miss Alice Schraeder	Industrial	Bay City, Mich.
Miss Louise Leppick	Institutional	Detroit, Mich.
Miss Vivian Atchison	Private Duty	New York
Miss Pauline Warneke	Private Duty	Bay City, Mich.
Miss Edith Anderson	Private Duty	New York

1924

Miss Blanche Hupert	Mrs. Wm. Robinson	Detroit, Mich.
Miss Marjorie Woods	Mrs. Wm. O'Malley	Flint, Mich.
Miss Erma Zischiki	Office Nurse	Detroit, Mich.
Miss Eva McIntyre	Private Duty	Bay City, Mich.
Miss Alzina Dore	Private Duty	Bay City, Mich.
Miss Sara Duplanty	Private Duty	Flint, Mich.
Miss Margaret Brunke	Private Duty	Bay City, Mich.
Miss Frances Wald	Mrs. R. Method	Detroit, Mich.
Miss Florence Buchanan	Private Duty	Bay City, Mich.
Miss Corinne Groulx	Mrs. Ernest Daust	Detroit, Mich.
Miss Beatrice Loose	Mrs. Taylor	Alma, Mich.

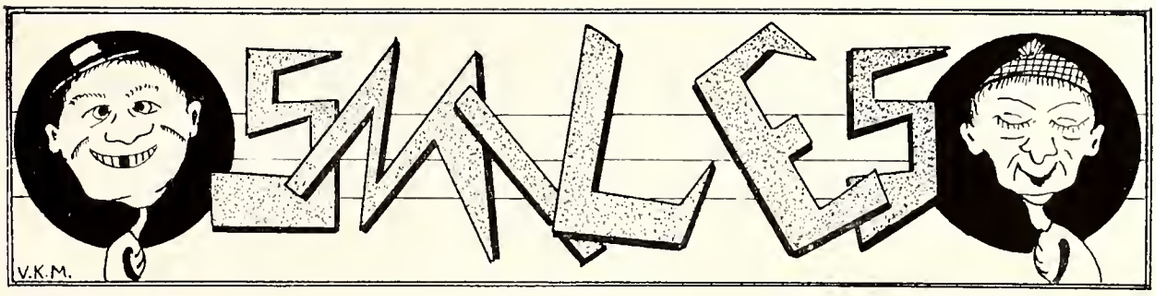
1925

Miss Loretta Gibbons	Institutional	Bay City, Mich.
Miss Beatrice Steele	Mrs. Wm. Herrick	Bay City, Mich.
Miss Minnie Gibson	Private Duty	Bay City, Mich.
Miss Edith Smith	Private Duty	Bay City, Mich.
Miss Agnes Langley	Private Duty	Bay City, Mich.
Miss Norma Hopper	Institutional	Detroit, Mich.
Miss Winifred LaLonde	Private Duty	Detroit, Mich.
Miss Helen Marshall	Mrs. L. Cournea	Flint, Mich.
Miss Verna Eurek	Private Duty	Bay City, Mich.
Miss Margaret McDonald	Private Duty	Bay City, Mich.

1926

Miss Jessie Marande	Mrs. Harold Sleight	Bay City, Mich.
Miss Florence Gibson	Private Duty	Bay City, Mich.
Miss Minnie Vollmart	Private Duty	Gladwin, Mich.
Miss Edith Werda	Office Nurse	Alpena, Mich.
Miss Loretta Angers	Private Duty	Bay City, Mich.
Miss Hilda Soehnel	Institutional	Ann Arbor, Mich.
Miss Gladys McDonald	Private Duty	Bay City, Mich.
Miss Frances Walenta	Navy Duty	Rochester, N. Y.
Miss May Goulet	Private Duty	Bay City, Mich.
Miss Julia Riordan	Institutional	Ann Arbor, Mich.
Mrs. Estelle Archambeau	Private Duty	Bay City, Mich.
Miss Edna Chimner	Private Duty	Bay City, Mich.
Miss Lydia Guetschow	Private Duty	Bay City, Mich.
Miss Irene Cheverette	Private Duty	Bay City, Mich.
Miss Elizabeth Forgash	Institutional	Milwaukee, Wis.
Miss Barbara Fink	Private Duty	Bay City, Mich.

V.K.M.



Dr. Foster: "Miss Shaw, have you your lesson today?"
L. Shaw: "No, I just got out of a sick bed."

Miss Zimmer: "Name three strong vegetables?"
M. Bressette: "Onions, garlic, and limburger."

R. Brunnette (greeting K. Maniex in A. M.): "Well, how are you today?"
K. Maniex: "Oh, I'm going crazy."
R. Brunnette: "Just going?"

Sister: "What is steam?"
E. Straney: "Water boiling on ice."

B. Ebere: "Is this a second hand store?"
Proprietor: "Yessum."
Bee: "I want one for my watch."

Dr. Drummond (explaining a diagram): "Now, watch the board while I run through it again."

F. Royal: "Say, why are you holding that envelope all morning?"
H. McDonald: "Because it says, 'Please Hold'."

Dr. Stewart: "You haven't seen my belt around the house, have you?"
Dr. Ash: "Oh! Did you put it around the house?"

Sister: "Are those eggs fresh?"
Miss Zimmer: "They haven't said anything to me yet."

A. Snyder: "Hey, bring me an encyclopedia."
Buckley: "I can't find one—but what do you want to know?"

J. Collier: "Do you know that C. Connelly talks in her sleep?"
M. Germain: "No? Is that right?"
J. Collier: "Yes, she recited in class this afternoon."

L. Mercier: "What do you have to take another Materia Medica test for? Didn't you pass?"
E. Rae: "Didn't I pass? Say, I passed so well I was encored and now I got to do it all over again."

Dr. McLean (in Anatomy Class): "This is the worst recitation I've ever heard, why—I've done three-fourths of it myself."

G. McManamon: "An awful lot of boys are stuck on me."
B. Whitney: "They must be an awful lot."

B. Ebere: "Where's the funny paper?"
M. Bressette: "Say! today is not Sunday. I told you not to take that bath last night."

L. Shaw: "What a pity that all good looking girls are conceited."
L. Allen: "You're wrong; I'm not."

Dr. Persons (in Materia Medica): "Miss Osinski, what does 'As' stand for?"
M. Osinski: "Oh—er—I have it right on the tip of my tongue."
Dr. Persons: "Then spit it out quick; it's arsenic."

THE "B" HIVE

B industrious, B active,
B truthful, B kind,
B cheerful, B just and
B even in mind,
B punctual, B patient,
B hopeful, B pure,
B virtuous, B honest,
B liberal, B sure.

To Miss Allen: "Say!" yelled the traffic officer, "what do you mean by speeding along like mad? You will kill somebody. Why don't you use your noodle?"
Miss Allen: "Noodle? Where in the heck is the noodle? I pushed and pulled and jiggered every darn thing on the dashboard, and I couldn't stop her."

Miss Gibbons: "You'll never catch me again going out to dinner with an editor."
Miss Senay: "Was he broke?"
Miss Gibbons: "I don't know whether he was broke or not; but he put a blue pencil through half my order."

Miss Maniex: "How dare you! Father said he would kill the first man who kissed me."
He: "How interesting! And did he?"

Miss Erbel: "Did you see the nasty look Miss Rivet gave me?"
Miss Shaw: "She didn't give it to you. You had it all morning."

M. Ridiker: "Gee, I can't find a pin anywhere. I wonder where they all go?"
J. Spiers: "That's hard to tell because they're pointed in one direction and headed another."

Leota's "Latest": "Sir, I want your daughter for my wife."
Mr. Allen (becoming irritated): "Run home and tell your wife she can't have my daughter."

Dr. Persons: "Does anyone know how iron was discovered?"
J. Spiers: "They smelt it."

Sister: "What is your hardest study?"
J. Rabie: "Chemistry."
Sister: "Why?"
J. Rabie: "Because it's a mistry."

T. Rivet: "What's in your head anyway?"
R. McCann: "Lots."
T. Rivet: "Yes, Vacant Lots."

Mr. Linge: "Give an example of a parasite."
I. Howard: "A germ."

JOE RABIE'S MOTTO?

"If you've got a grouch don't show it.
Never let a person know it.
And take this tip from me—
It always pays to happy be.
For a frown brings naught but a wrinkle
While a smile will show your dimple."

It was a beautiful moonlight night and Miss Senay and Dr. Moffatt were taking a stroll down the beach. Miss Senay softly spoke, "Does the moon affect the tide?"
Dr. Moffatt (thoughtfully): "No, only the untied."

Miss Deshone: "How would you pronounce peritonitus?"
Miss Gibbons: "Peritonitus—same as you did. Why?"
Miss Deshone: "I just heard a Doctor pronounce it fatal."

First Boy: "Say, Maurice, why do you keep Stella's picture in your watch?"
Maurice: "Because I think she will love me in time."

Miss Leitz: "I'm going to get ahead in this world."
Miss Mazur: "You need it."

Young Man (meeting Catherine Buckley downtown): "It's surely lucky that I met you. Here is a bill you owe your shoeman and he's commissioned me to collect it."
Catherine Buckley: "Well, let me congratulate you—a permanent job at last!"

Miss Gibbons (entering Class Room): "Order, please."
Miss Howard: "Cup coffee, and two doughnuts."

Miss Straney: "The anterior Fontanel transmits the Medulla Oblongata."

Miss Enos (to Miss McCann): "Don't become discouraged if you have a cold in the head. Even that's something."

Sister (in Chemistry Class): "How does Nitrogen smell?"
Miss Collier: "It doesn't smell."
Sister: "How is that?"
Miss Collier: "It hasn't any nose."

Dr. Person (in Materia Medica Class): "Mrs. Spier, do you understand these solution problems?"
Mrs. Spier: "Yes, Doctor, I understand everything but how to work them."

Miss Gibbons: "Miss Snapson, name a contact poison?"
Miss Snapson: "Sticky flypaper."

Sister: "Miss Howard, name one of the special senses?"
Miss Howard: "Common sense."

Mr. Linge: "Miss Deshone, I take great pleasure in giving you a mark of 80."
Miss Deshone: "Make it 100 and be happy."

Earth has no joy like the disvovery of a stray quarter in the pocket of an old uniform.

Miss Gibbons: "Miss McKinnon, I'll give you just one more day to hand in your notebook."

Miss McKinnon: "All right; how about the 4th of July?"

Sister: "Miss Waldbauer, have you read today's lesson?"

Miss Waldbauer: "No, Sister."

Sister: "What have you read?"

Miss Waldbauer: "I have red hair."

Dr. Drummond: "Miss Manniex, why didn't you come to class yesterday?"

Miss Manniex: "I had a toothache."

Doctor: "Doesn't it ache today?"

Miss Manniex: "I don't know."

Doctor: "You don't know?"

Miss Manniex: "No; I left it at the dentist's."

Miss Seney: "What was the noise I heard last night, Miss Ebere?"

Miss Ebere: "That must have been Dale's arches falling."

The Annual Staff may work and work,
Till brains and hands are sore;
But some poor boob will always say,
"Oh gosh, I've heard this before."

"FRESHMEN'S WISH"

I wish I were a little rock,
A-settin' on a hill.
And I wouldn't do a bloomin' thing
But jes' be settin' still.

I wouldn't chart, I wouldn't eat,
I wouldn't even wash.
I'd sit there for a thousand years,
And rest myself, by gosh.

Teacher says, "Never say Bill."
She says you should always say, "William."
But if a duck got mud on his bill
Would she say he had mud on his William?

Nurse: "I am sorry, but you can't see your husband. He is still under the influence of anaesthetics."

Indignant Wife: "Ann Aesthetics! Oh! so that's the name of the girl he takes riding."

Dr. Persons: "Have you ever had hallucinations?"

Jane Raby: "Yes, twice; the first time it didn't work, but the second time it left a big scar."

Sister: "Have you turned the gas on under the sterilizer as I told you?"

A. Snyder: "Yes, Sister, every burner; can't you smell it?"

A NARROW ESCAPE

Jackson came home tripping merrily into his tiny hall one day and almost spoiled his manly beauty by falling over someone's shoes left lying about.

"Whose ferryboats are those in the hall?" he asked later when he entered the drawing room.

"Ferryboats?" his mother-in-law cried angrily. "Why, those are my shoes."

"My dear, good ma," Jackson said hurriedly, "who said ferryboats? You misunderstood. Fairy boots, you know—fairy boots." And then he wiped the sweat from his brow.

"A VALUABLE RECIPE FOR LOWNESS OF SPIRITS"

Take one ounce of the seeds of resolution, properly mixed with the oil of good conscience, infuse into it a large spoonful of the salts of patience, distil very carefully a composing plant called others' woes, which you will find in every part of the garden of life growing under the broad leaves of disguse. Add a small quantity, it will much assist the salts of patience in their operation; gather a handful of the blossom of hope, then sweeten them with a syrup of the balm of Providence; and if you get any of the seeds of true friendship, you will have the most valuable medicine that can be administered.

Irate Housewife: "Ain't you the same man I gave a meat pie to last year?"

Tramp (bitterly): "No, ma'am, I'm not, and wot's more the Doctor says I never will be."

OF COURSE

"Nothing the matter with you at all," gruffly spoke the physician. "You are in perfect health. Why, your pulse is as steady as clockwork."

"But, Doctor," said the patient, "you've got your fingers on my wrist watch."

Emily (who has just come downstairs from a sick-room where the father lies at the point of death, said to mother cooking pork): "Please, mother, father says he would like a bit o' the pork before he dies."

Mother: "Go and tell yer father he can't have any. It's for the funeral."

Solicitor: "Madam, I stopped to ask you for a donation to the new hospital."

Mrs. Murphy (who just finished an argument): "Well, ye might step in the next room and take a look at Murphy. He might do."

E. Method (to shoe salesman): "Yes, I take a size five but it hurts so much I have to have a seven."

A MODERN LULLABY

Rock-a-bye, baby, upon the bough,
You get your milk from a certified cow.
Before your eugenic young parents were wed
They decided how you should be fed.

Hush-a-bye, baby, on the tree top,
If grandmother trots you, you tell her to stop;
Shun the trot-horse that your grandmother rides—
It will work harm to your little insides.

Mama's scientific—she knows all the laws,
She kisses her darling through carbolized gauze.
Rock-a-bye, baby; don't wiggle and squirm;
Nothing is near you that looks like a germ.

JUNIORS' MOTTO

Nothing is better than a good lesson;
A poor lesson is better than nothing—
Therefore—a poor lesson is better than a good lesson.

EVERY FIRST YEAR'S AMBITION

I'd like to be a Senior,
And with the Seniors stand,
A black band on my cap,
A fountain pen in hand.
I would not be a queen,
I would not be a king,
I'd rather be a Senior
And never do a thing.

Miss Jane Raby: "Are we going to have examination on Washington's Birthday?"
Sister: "No; on Anatomy."

"I shall die," throbbed the fifteeneth suitor, "unless you marry me."
"I'm sorry," said Miss Maddox, kindly but firmly, "but I will not marry you."
So the fellow went West, and after sixty-two years, three months and a day will become suddenly ill and die.

Dr. McEwan: "I suppose, Mrs. Jackson, that you have given the medicine according to directions."
Mrs. Jackson: "Well, doctah, I done mah bes'. You said, give Rastus one o' dose pills three times a day, until gone, but I done run out o' pills yesterday, an' he hain't gone yet."

THE WEAKLING

She could swing a six pound dumbbell,
She could fence and she could box,
She could row upon the river,
She could clamber 'mong the rocks,
She could golf from morn till evening,
And play tennis all day long:
But she couldn't help her Mother,
'Cause she wasn't very strong.

IMAGINE:

Thaddeas Rivet if she were tall.
Margaret Germain if she were small.
Mary Jane Spiers without a joke.
Josephine Rabie not being broke.
Catherine Buckley crotcheting lace.
Kay Maniex not painting her face.
Eunice Beaufore without a smile.
Katherine Mazur running wild.
Marie Ridiker not going home.
Alice Snyder not hoping to roam.
Luanna Lietz not coming in late.
Martha Osinski refusing a date.
Beatrice Whitney with curly hair.
These things we know would be most rare.

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One old car with piston rings:
Two rear wheels and one front spring.
Has no fenders, seat or plank,
Burns lots of gas, hard to crank.
Carburetor busted, half way through.
Engine missing, hits on two.
Three years old, four in the spring,
Has shock absorbers n' everything.
Radiator busted, sure does leak.
Differential dry, you can hear it squeak.
Ten spokes missing, front all bent,
Tires blowed out, ain't worth a cent.
Got lots of pep, will run like the deuce.
Burns either gas or tobacco juice.
Tires all off, been run on the rims,
Mighty good car for the shape it's in.

Miss Royal: "The new patient in 334 is very good looking."
Miss Seney: "Yes, but don't wash his face; he's had that done by four nurses this morning."

Miss Connelly's heart is so hardened that it is covered with periosteum.

Miss Gibbons (in Dietetics Class): "Name three articles containing starch."
Miss Snapson: "Two cuffs and a collar."

Sr. M. Leona: "What can you tell me about Nitrates?"
Miss Straney: "Well, they are a lot lower than day rates."

Dr. Allen: "Ever had Psychology?"
Joe Rabie: "No; only Scarlet Fever and Bronchitis."

Muriel Smith (meeting Jane Raby rushing madly down stairs): "Well, well, I thought you were too lazy to run like that."
Jane Raby: "Well, laziness runs in our family."

The Adventure

It was a fine day in summer. Bili Rubin and Bili Verdin closed up the Olfactory and invited their lady friends, Dura and Pia Mater, to accompany them to the Islands of Langerhans, to hear the Great Trochanter speak on the Naval question. Pso-as to get there quickly, they sailed down the Alimentary Canal to McBurney's Point in a Blood Vessel.

On the way down, Bili Rubin tried to make Dura Mater believe she was as Cutis Vera, but in Vein. She told him he had too much Nerve and to be careful or the Recurrent Tibial would swamp them. They went from the Alimentary Canal into Hunter's Canal. Pia Mater was reading a very Humerus book entitled "The Trail of the Lonesome Spine," by Harmone. Bili Verdin remarked that he was very green at sailing, but was not as yellow as Bili Rubin.

At the end of Hunter's Canal they left the Vessel in the hands of Artery to get some Col-on board. They crossed to the Islands of Langerhans on foot, via the Pons Varoli. Within a Radius of half a mile they could see a great flock of ducts—the Thoracic Duct, the Common Bile Duct, and the Pancreatic Duct, floating on the Peristalic Waves. On reaching the island, lunch was served in the Valley of the Acctabulum, away from the rays of the Solar Plexus. Here were served Liver and Sweet Bread, Cold Shoulder, Baked Spareribs, Hot Tongue on Platelets, with Wharton's Jelly, and the White substance of Schwann, with Heart Beat Salad.

After lunch, Bili Rubin strolled off to get some of Adam's apples, while the rest of the Body picked berries in Peyer's Patches. They thought they heard the Vertebrae and the Eye-ball and were much afraid. However, by taking a Glisson's Capsule, they became quite Sternum. The noise, they learned, was the music from Poupart's Band, marching along the Linea Alba to Meat the Great Trochanter, who was coming to the Island of Langerhans in a Lymph Vessel, propelled by the Oculi Motor.

The Great Trochanter, having pointed out the Vas Deferens between the two Naval Policies, told about his Tryps-in Pectoralis Minor with Sartorius. He also told about the Purin bodies buried in the Pyramids near the Malphigian region, and the Temple built during the reign of Gluteus Maximus. The proceedings were much interrupted by Rolando and Sylvius, Fissures by trade, who had been down to the Glenoid, a tough joint, and gotten stewed.

Some of the people rode Bronchi up and down the Pyramidal tracts. Others watched the Cae-cum in on the shore. The children, however, enjoyed the Cytes—lympho and leuko—and made their Pa-tell a story to them. After consulting the Auricles of the Heart, they all went home.

At present, Bili Verdin is in the Central Acini Cells, breaking Gall-stones for insulting the Great Omentum. Alas, alas! Poor Bili Rubin! He Tryps-in the Olfactory and loses his toes. It must be horrible to Lac-tose.

To smile a bit, so I can see,
A thousand smiles smile back to me.
Not to be too wise, yet be no fool,
Nor tamper with the golden rule.
To be sincere, and love a lot,
And do the best with what I've got.

Not give advice, but prove instead,
The road is best where I have led.
To battle fearlessly when right,
And not to boast when well I might.
And, last, to be a friend, indeed,
To the oppressed—this is my creed.

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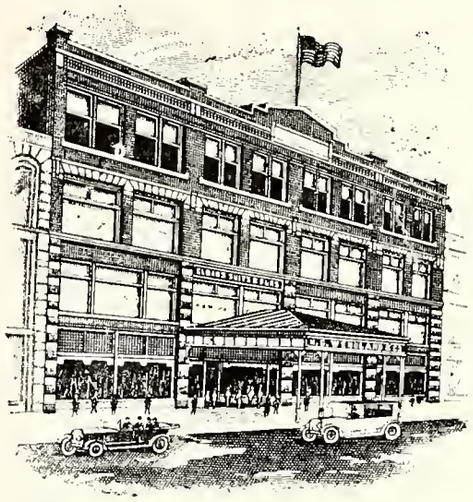

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